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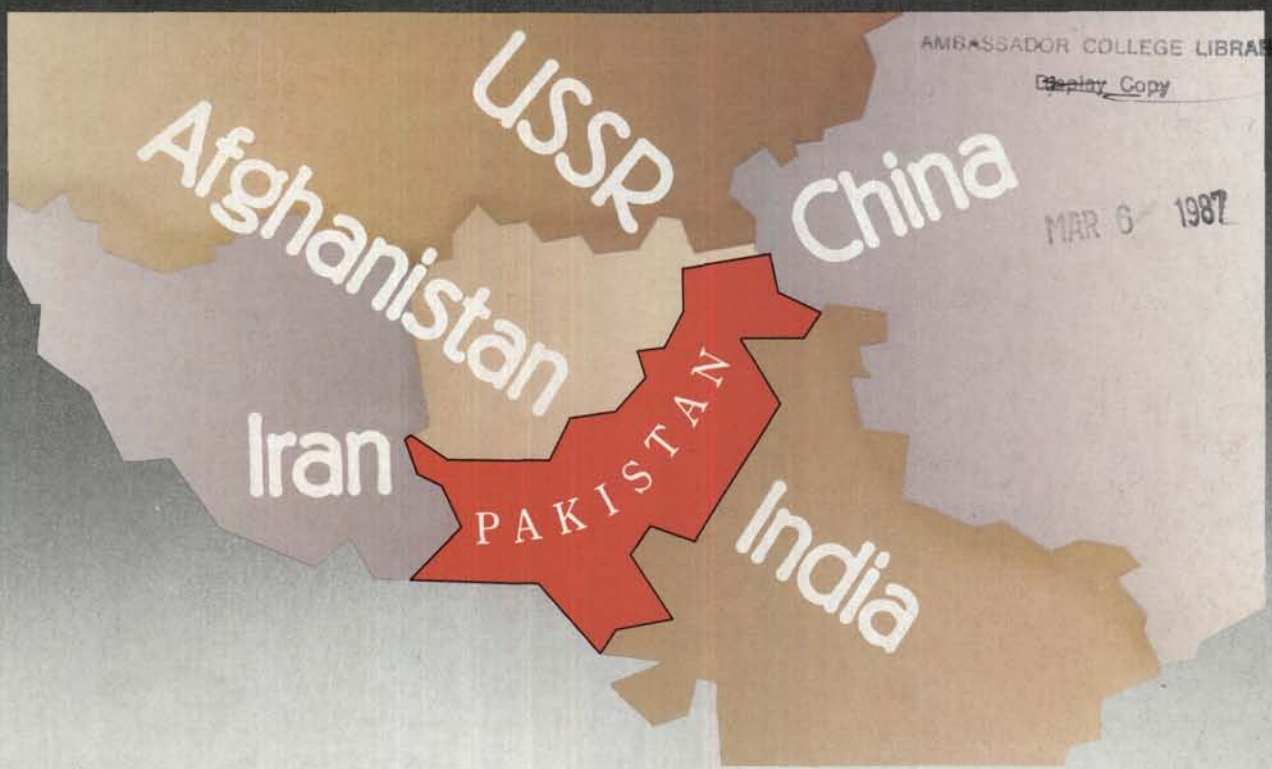
ONDOMS FOR KIDS?

Iranamok Becomes Watergate

ARTHUR SCHLESINGER JR.: IMPERIAL PRESIDENCY REDUX • GARRY WILLS: THE KENNEDY BLOODLINES

THE NEW REPUBLIC



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BY MAHNAZ ISPAHANI

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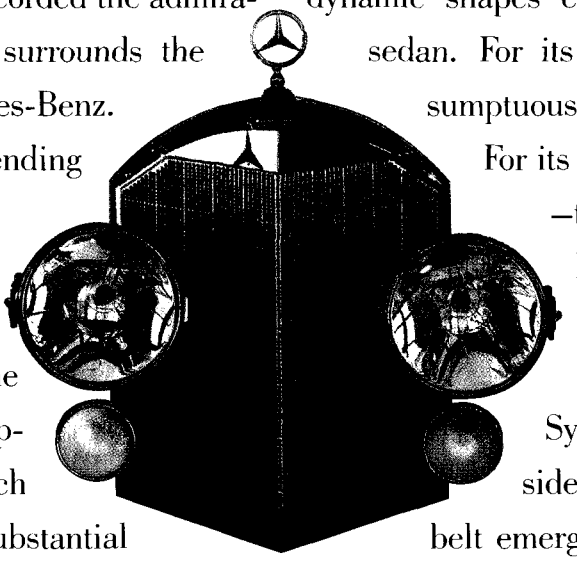

Shown in descending order at left are examples dating from 1955 to 1963 to 1972 to the 1987 S-Class sedan in the foreground. The "big Mercedes," they are popularly called. Not so much in tribute to their size—substantial but never excessive—as to their prowess. Powerful in a silky way, baronially comfortable rather than garishly luxurious, a big Mercedes manages to blend the dignity of a limousine with what one journal terms "the innate ability to leap yawning stretches of landscape in single, effortless bounds." The big sedan as marathoner, in brief. With the stamina to endlessly devour the miles on any highway in the world, at a pace that might exhaust the drivers of lesser cars. If not the cars themselves.

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TRB

FROM WASHINGTON

GETTING CLUBBED

The top court of New York state has upheld a city ordinance requiring the snooty gentlemen's clubs of Manhattan to admit women as members, thus reopening one of the more tedious hardy perennials among civil rights controversies. It's tempting to say that the women who engineered this legal triumph should be condemned, as punishment, to spend every lunch hour for the rest of their natural lives eating overcooked beef in surroundings of stifling gloom while listening to some half-stewed, self-important old bore recount the exploits of the 1937 Princeton football squad.

But of course the activists on this issue claim that men's clubs are not solely devoted to pleasures such as these. They assert—and, for all I know, they're right—that these institutions are caldrons of freemasonry (or "networking," as we now call it) among the power elite, where deals are done, connections are made, and earthly achievements are recognized and rewarded. Therefore, the men-only policies of these places are keeping successful women from reaching the pinnacles of American society. They are "the last bastion," one legal commentator asserts. Perhaps. But even so—or especially if so—this campaign strikes me as an exercise in missing the point.

The usual argument against using the civil rights battering ram to break down this particular barricade is threefold. First is the constitutional right to freedom of association (one of those so-called "penumbra" rights that conservatives usually have no tolerance for because they're not written down in so many words). If white male Protestants wish to eat lunch only with one another, up to a point that is their privilege. Second, rights aside, there is a limit to what government can achieve or ought to attempt in the way of restructuring society. You can't "legislate morality," as they say. Third, how can you dismantle these bastions of cultural supremacy without incidentally destroying the institutions where other groups—women, blacks, Jews—gather for mutual succor and support? Surely the vision of a just society does not preclude all opportunities for like to mix with like.

On the other hand, it's certainly true that harmless male bonhomie does not describe the complete agenda at these locales. During my brief career as editor of *Harper's* magazine in New York, I was hired over lunch at the Century Club, survived an attempt to fire me during a board meeting at the University Club, and was gently informed that I might be happier elsewhere over drinks back at the Century. So civilized.

The reality that these are business as well as social institutions is the legal wedge that is being used to open them up to women. Critics note that corporations often pay for club meals and dues, then deduct them as a business expense. The critics argue, with some justice, that the clubs can't have it both ways: if they are private and social, their activities shouldn't be tax deductible; if they're business locales, they should operate under the same civil rights constraints as other public accommodations.

The 1964 Civil Rights Act specifically exempts private clubs, and its public accommodations provision doesn't even cover discrimination on the basis of sex (an omission derived, in part, from a desire to protect women-only hotels). But the Supreme Court held three years ago that the Jaycees could be required to admit women under a state civil rights act, and it is hearing a similar case next month involving the Rotary Club. Another legal tactic is to deny various government privileges to these clubs, on the theory that society has the right not to be implicated in their discriminatory practices. The all-male Burning Tree Country Club outside Washington has lost its special "green space" property tax abatement, and there is a campaign to deny the Cosmos Club here in D.C. its liquor license, without which it would not long survive.

Ironically, the more genuinely elite a club is, the more protected it is from the law. The Supreme Court emphasized in the Jaycees case that the Jaycees weren't really exclusive at all, except for excluding women. That made them more like a

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Is there hope in the shadow of annihilation?

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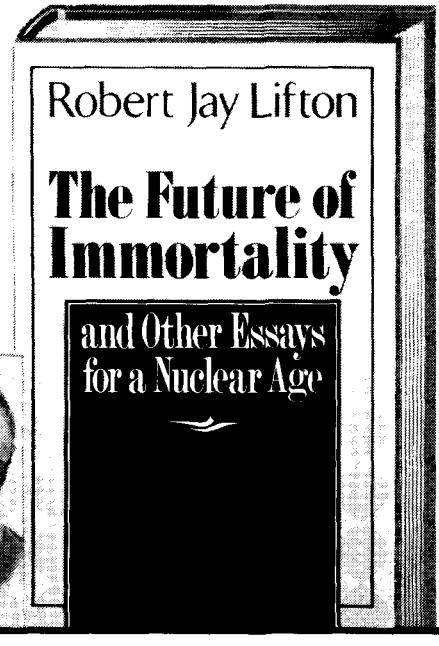

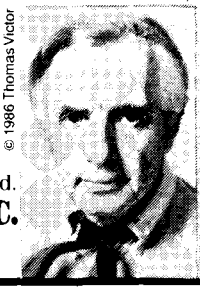

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CORRESPONDENCE

THE COLOR OF MONEY

To the editors:

David Blum's initial point ("Emotion Pictures," February 9) seems to be that since movies are a basically carnivorous art form, no moral rules apply. Studios buy the rights to plots, so they have the right to alter them. Networks buy the movies, so they have the right to hack them up to fit a time slot. In a world ruled by dollars, colorization is just one more perfectly legitimate degradation. This amoralism would be understandable coming from Ted Turner. Blum is more schizophrenic. He agrees with most of us that *It's A Wonderful Life* is a "great" movie that "looks lousy in color." But then he denies it was ever an "artist's vision" because director Frank Capra pieced it together from several scripts. This is ridiculous. The film versions of both *Vertigo* and *The Grapes of Wrath* took considerable liberties with their original sources, and both are arguably more "visionary" than the books.

Granted, mutation often becomes mutilation. Colorizers can't be stopped. But to encourage them by saying their offense is merely typical of the system reflects a cheap cynicism.

RODNEY P. WELCH
Elgin, South Carolina

To the editors:

The most intelligent statement I've heard about the "colorization" controversy was the comment by an anchorwoman on CNN Headline News to the effect that if you don't like it, all you need to do is adjust a couple of knobs on your TV set, and the film becomes black and white once more.

JONATHAN D. MUEHL
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

CLEAN GARMENT

To the editors:

My outrage at "Inside Dopes" (by Jeffrey L. Pasley, February 23) is somewhat mollified by the March 2 "clarification" noting that you omitted my explicit denial in citing a *Washington Post* article as the basis for the rumor that Suzanne Garment's resignation arose from concern over a "conflict of interest." However, two points deserve elaboration:

First, since the thrust of the article was that columnists who said anything nice about Oliver North paid for their sin, the clarification leaves the article threadbare. You were carried away by your habit of cutting up conservatives personally as you adopt their positions.

Second, in the draft of one of her columns on Iran, Mrs. Garment prominently included her husband's association with Bud McFarlane. This was removed on the advice of New York editors, when they learned that to that point—and for all I know even now—Leonard Garment was not submitting bills for his work. Spousal conflicts of interest seem problematic enough, spousal pro bono ones more so, and Mr. McFarlane didn't personally figure in the column. The editors' decision can be argued, I suppose. But certainly Mrs. Garment herself showed every sensitivity to any possibility of conflict.

Let me state categorically that in Mrs. Garment's ten years at the *Wall Street Journal*, there was never a single reason to question her ethics, integrity, or professionalism.

ROBERT L. BARTLEY
Editor, The Wall Street Journal
New York, New York

VACATING WELFARE HOTELS

To the editors:

Crocker Coulson is right to be disgusted that New York City wastes millions of dollars housing the homeless in rundown welfare hotels ("The $37,000 Slum," January 19). But he misses the point in blaming the city and in dismissing the whole thing as an example of "the follies of the welfare state." Much of the fault for this mess lies in a federal law that makes the most sensible plan for housing the homeless illegal.

The real solution is obvious: spend the money on permanent housing. Coulson acknowledges this, but skims over the legal glitch. Emergency Assistance disbursements are limited by law to *temporary operating* assistance. New York is prohibited from using that money for permanent homes. Coulson endorses a tortured scheme under which the city would use Emergency Assistance payments as collateral to obtain loans with which it could build housing, the apart-

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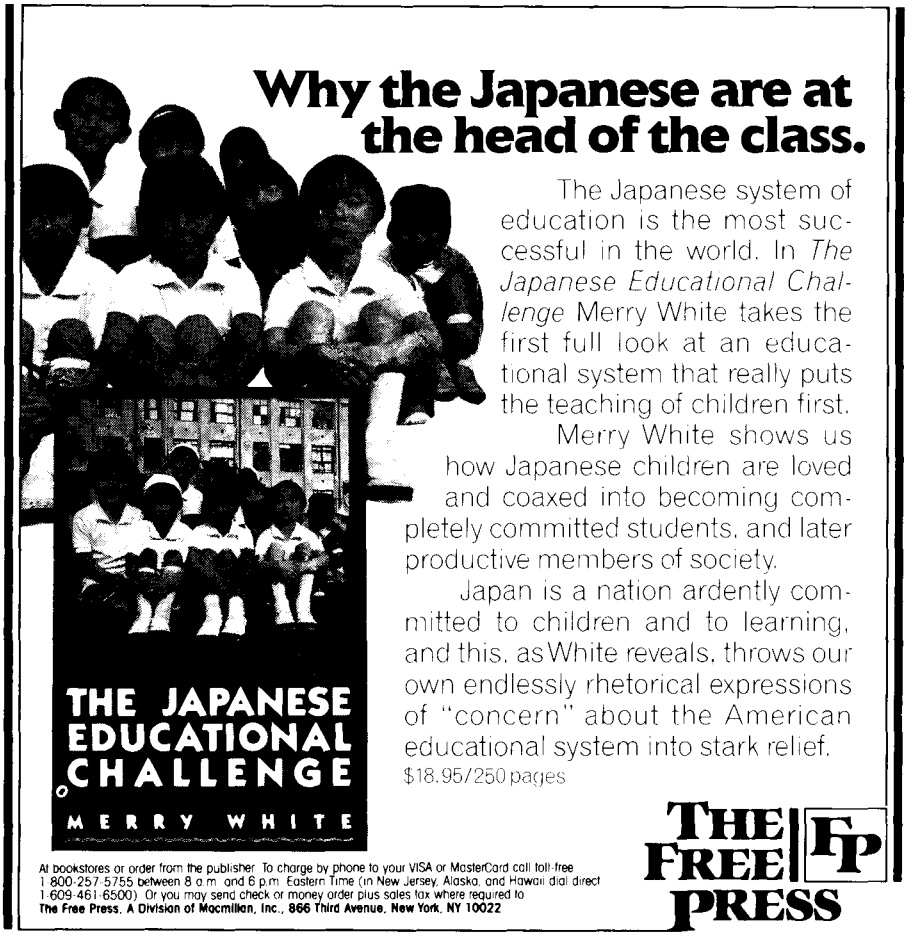
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THE NEW REPUBLIC
MARCH 16, 1987

THIS IS WATERGATE

The latest flood of allegations about Iranamok invites a reappraisal of the scandal's historical significance. We now have evidence that Oliver North shredded key documents and altered others in order to conceal his myriad extralegal covert activities, and his superiors' role in them. It also appears that former national security adviser John Poindexter and chief of staff Donald Regan manicured the facts in drafting a chronology of the Iranamok affair that was to be the basis of President Reagan's public statements. Reagan himself changed his story about when he first learned of the September 1985 secret shipment of U.S. arms to Iran through Israel—a shipment that took place over three months before he had signed an official intelligence finding to make such transfers legal. First Reagan led the Tower Commission to believe he had approved the shipments as part of an effort to win release of U.S. hostages in Lebanon (a version that contradicts Reagan's public statements that he never traded arms for hostages, but which is confirmed by former national security adviser Robert McFarlane). Then, apparently at the behest of Regan, Reagan told the commission that he couldn't remember giving approval.

Shredded documents, after-the-fact story-switching—all in the name of "protecting the president." Does any of this sound familiar? Iranamok has moved into the cover-up phase. It is no longer necessary to avoid comparing the affair with Watergate. We write before the release of the Tower Commission report, but we are faced with what looks like a concerted effort by high White House officials to deceive the citizenry.

In the broader constitutional sense, the Reagan White House has clearly engaged in illicit behavior on a massive scale. That is why they tried to cover it up. Though harder to fit into the confines of an indictment, this is the kind of illegality that offended public morality most deeply in Watergate, and it does so today as well. The National Security Council became a shadow government—Oliver North was executive director, but he also appears to have had the cooperation of CIA, State and Defense Department officials, as well as of his own friends in the former-spy and free-lance-arms-dealer communities.

This shadow government, like the White House Plumbers and the rest of the Watergate apparatus, was set up to serve administration obsessions without letting democracy get in the way. For example, even if Reagan did sign a finding in January 1986 authorizing covert arms sales to Iran after the fact, the administration never notified Congress as the law plainly requires. Instead, it invented its own legal theory to accommodate its desire to act unimpeded. The finding itself was part of a cover-up.

This is the stuff of more than scandal. Like Watergate, it amounts to constitutional crisis—a presidency acting beyond the constraints prescribed by the country's democratic institutions. The central issue, therefore, is not Donald Regan or Oliver North. The issue is Ronald Reagan himself: what he knew about the arms dealings and the transfer of funds to the *contras*, and how he discharged his legal responsibilities as president—insofar as he comprehended them at all. So far, the answers seem to be that he either approved of both the establishment and the activities of Oliver North's extralegal shadow government, or he was not able to understand what that secret apparatus was doing. We have either a president who actively conducts an outlaw foreign policy, or a president who is so incompetent that he can be led passively to acquiesce in his aides' conduct of an outlaw foreign policy. Take your pick. □

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DEFAULT, DEAR BRUTUS

President Jose Sarney of Brazil has turned his empty pockets inside out and told commercial banks that, for an indefinite period, his country will not be able to pay the interest it owes them. The long-feared bankruptcy of Latin America's biggest debtor ($108 billion) has prompted a lot of nervous talk about financial collapse. But Sarney has performed a valuable public service: his action cuts through some of the fictions that have helped drag out the debt crisis debate for five solutionless years.

Fiction #1: The crisis can be solved mainly through policy adjustment in the debtor countries. "Adjustment" used to be a code word for austerity. But the repeated application of this painful prescription only seemed to invite default by the debtors. So in September 1985 Treasury Secretary James Baker announced a new plan. Henceforth, said Baker, debtors would be asked to reform and modernize their inefficient economic systems, and to earn debt-service dollars through higher exports, not nasty import cuts. The best behaved debtors would eventually qualify for new loans from the banks. Thus "growth" replaced "austerity" as the new financial mantra.

Brazil's predicament is sobering news for advocates of this reform-grow-pay approach. As Latin economies go, Brazil's is already quite modern. It used foreign loans more efficiently than almost any other country in the region. Capital flight, for example, was less than a tenth as severe in Brazil as in Mexico. Just a few months ago, in fact, Brazil was the star pupil in the debtor class. Eight-percent-a-year growth, led by a surge in exports, was producing more than enough money to meet interest payments—without any help from the dread International Monetary Fund. But President Sarney, who took over in 1985 from the generals who had run Brazil for 20 years, couldn't resist putting some of his country's higher output into the voters' pockets. With the so-called Cruzado Plan price freeze, he halted inflation and set off a roaring consumer fiesta. As intended, this bought Sarney's party victory in the November 1986 elections. But the binge ate up Brazil's trade surplus, leaving no dollars to pay the foreign bankers. Inflation is now back in triple digits. When the president tried to stem the disaster with austerity measures, riots broke out in Brasília.

Prolonging the Cruzado Plan was a blunder, but it's hard to quarrel with the basic goal of letting Brazilians get back to eating eggs and meat again. More generally, it's simply unrealistic to preach fiscal responsibility to the leaders of indebted democracies when, in practice, that means they must put off their own people indefinitely in order to satisfy foreigners. Hypocritical, too: as an exercise in applied political economy, the Cruzado Plan wasn't much different from the way American presidents try to engineer election-year prosperity.

The debt-vs.-democracy dilemma has not proved as explosive as alarmists once predicted. Civilian leaders of Latin America's rejuvenated democracies enjoy greater legitimacy in the eyes of their people than the generals did. So far, this has helped some of them (most notably Argentina's Raúl Alfonsín) impose painful anti-inflation policies with relatively little upheaval. Nevertheless, the average Brazilian won't see much difference between dictatorship and democracy if he ends up no better off under the latter. As the memory of military rule recedes, impatience with the new democrats grows—and so, therefore, does the civilians' need to deliver the goods.

Cash flow is now a continentwide problem. Argentina had been growing faster lately, but it too reports a shrinking trade surplus. Ecuador, a small and usually pliant debtor, preceded Brazil's interest-payments suspension with one of its own. The prospect of slower growth, protectionism, and higher interest rates in the United States makes the picture even bleaker.

Fiction #2: The banks will voluntarily provide new loans. The strong temptation among Latin leaders to spend the proceeds of growth on their own people has become even harder to resist as it has gotten increasingly clearer that Baker's promise of new loans is a false one. From January 1985 through the first half of 1986, the 15 biggest Third World debtors paid a total of $5 billion more to the banks in interest than they received in new credits. Banks nowadays are as reluctant to throw good money after bad as they were eager to do so ten years ago.

Last fall's Mexican bailout, in which a group of American banks promised to lend Mexico $6 billion at a relatively modest interest rate, was hailed as proof that the Baker approach can work. In fact, it will be nearly impossible to cobble together any more such rescues in the future. It took a lot of pressure from Washington to get many of the banks to go along, and the Mexicans still haven't seen a penny of the money they were promised.

Fiction #3: The crisis can, and should, be solved without harm to bank profits. Its emphasis on growth over austerity notwithstanding, the Baker Plan basically tried to continue the administration's policy of protecting banks from the consequences of their own folly. This policy is embodied in the accounting fiction that Latin loans are still good—even though no one has paid any principal for the last four years. Despite some recent hints that the Treasury is rethinking this position, the big banks continue to insist that to declare the loans' true worthlessness—to "write them down"—would mean catastrophic losses, the sky would fall, etc. Are the banks bluffing, or does the entire world economy actually depend on an accounting sleight of hand? The banks are bluffing.

Four countries—Mexico, Brazil, Argentina, and Venezuela—owe $285.2 billion of the total $380 billion Latin debt. Of this, they owe roughly $70 billion to U.S. banks. And about two-thirds of that, $41.8 billion, is owed to 12 big money center banks—Citicorp, Chase, Manufactur-

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Toward a more competitive America—III

Let's look at Japan

There's no doubt that since World War II Japan has become an eminently successful trading nation. Last year alone, Japan's trade surplus with America was $58.8 billion, in spite of growing competition from South Korea and other Pacific Rim nations.

Why do the Japanese trade so successfully? The key to the riddle is Japan's high rate of savings—and the investment in plant, equipment, research and people these savings make possible. Because the Japanese people save so much, their productivity has grown at a much faster rate than America's, helping them remain competitive in every market—including the huge market America represents.

There are many reasons for the Japanese penchant to save and invest. As residents of small, crowded islands, with few natural resources, they literally have to trade to live. Accordingly, Japan's leaders have long encouraged thrift—and the productivity it brings. In addition, individual Japanese are virtually forced to save for their old age, because their Social Security and private pension systems aren't as extensive as ours.

But even with thrift seemingly ingrained in the Japanese character, their income tax code—based on the post-war recommendations of an American panel, the Shoup Mission—served to institutionalize the saving habit. Under the Japanese tax code, rates on salaried workers and corporations alike were higher than in the U.S. But dividends were taxed less heavily and interest on many individual savings accounts wasn't taxed at all. In Japan, moreover, those tax-free accounts were much more widely used than the American IRAs, and were available much earlier.

Still, the Japanese weren't satisfied with their tax system, and they are now in the process of crafting a new one. The impetus for tax reform in Japan grew out of a need to attack some basic inequities. Rates on individuals and corporations were considered so high as to be inequitable and repressive—and the inequity was compounded by the Japanese collection system. In Japan, the taxes of salaried employees are calculated by their companies and deducted from their pay. Farmers and the self-employed calculate their own taxes, and there are no taxpayer-identification digits comparable to our Social Security numbers. As a result, the Japanese have come to call their tax system "kuroyon" or "nine-six-four," meaning that salaried employees are regarded as paying 90 percent of what they should, business owners 60 percent, and farmers 40 percent.

So the goal of Japan's tax writers has been to broaden the tax base, cut rates for business and individuals alike, and, as in America, come up with a package that would be revenue neutral—raise neither more nor less money than the old system.

Along with its lower rates, the new Japanese tax law will curb the system of tax-free savings, although it will remain in place for the elderly and single-parent households. And to insure the law will be revenue neutral in the face of lower rates, Japan is imposing a five-percent value-added tax, which is a tax levied as goods are sold—a consumption tax. The Japanese, in other words, are reducing the incentives to save by eliminating interest-free accounts, but restoring them by imposing a tax on spending.

The consumption tax should bring Japan additional benefits. It *will* collect revenue from sources that may now escape taxation through "kuroyon." And it *won't* hurt Japan's ability to compete in world markets. Such taxes aren't levied on products made for export—a perfectly acceptable procedure under international trade rules. And they will be levied against the goods Japan imports for its domestic market.

Not even the Japanese can know for sure how successful their new tax code will be. Savings are being discouraged and spurred simultaneously, and only time will tell how the people will react to a carrot and a stick being offered up in tandem.

But despite the uncertainties, America ought to be watching closely to see what it can learn from Japan. In our own tax reform process, we paid far less attention to incentives for savings and investment, and we added to the burden U.S. industry has to carry. The implications are extremely important, not only for U.S.-Japan trade relations, but for U.S. competitiveness with every nation.

Next: Did we shoot ourselves in the foot?

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ers Hanover, and the like. According to a recent study by Salomon Brothers, higher profits (and prodding from bank regulators) have enabled the money center banks to build up their capital. This provides a cushion for selective write-offs or additions to loan-loss reserves. Over the next three years 33 top banks could write off as much as $19.8 billion—or 38.5 percent of their total exposure to the big four debtors—and still have as much equity as they had at the end of 1985. Such write-offs would be required under Senator Bill Bradley's proposal to knock three percentage points off both interest and principal obligations.

The administration has protected the money center banks in the name of financial stability, but this has been achieved at the expense of other sectors of the American economy. U.S. export industries and their workers suffered from the repeated import cuts Latin countries were obliged to impose in order to save dollars for debt service. And, even though growth in Latin America will probably have to be export-led for the foreseeable future, the Baker plan's export-at-all-costs policies would exaggerate the damage to American producers.

Major banks still resist the idea of systematic debt relief. But Brazil's announcement shows that relief will be imposed on them whether they like it or not. Brazil says any negotiated solution must involve fresh money, lower interest rates, and a stretched-out payment schedule. Other countries are watching to see what terms Brazil can wring out of its creditors. Indeed, with the world economic picture looking dicey, and the banks' promise of new loans for submissive debtors exposed as phony, there's less reason than ever for the debtors to do anything else. Why doesn't the Citicorp crowd admit the game is up? They can either agree to an orderly, negotiated system of debt forgiveness and interest reductions, or face the possibility of more Brazil-style moratoriums and hasty patch-up efforts—any of which could blow up into the default to end all defaults. This is exactly the scenario the banks claim to fear the most.

continued on page 12

THE ZEITGEIST CHECKLIST

BY CHARLES PAUL FREUND

This Week		Last Week	Weeks on Chart
1.	**NANCY'S LAUGHING FACE**	—	1

Nancy v. Regan. "Hang In There" said a T-shirt Reagan gave Regan, so Nancy hanged him. The immense appeal of the Nancy-Regan conflict is based on two things: it's at sharp, almost comic variance with Nancy's second-fiddle public persona; it's really about Ronald Reagan and his apron-string presidency. He's turning into Dennis Thatcher.

2.	**SPEAK, MEMORY**	3	17

Iranamok. Reagan's conflicting statements to the Tower Commission are explained by his inability to recall what he did when. Nobody said he was a details man, but the most striking aspect of the story is that Beltway Washington believes the explanation.

3.	**TALK, DON'T RUN**	8	2

1988. Must you have Hart? Cuomo's withdrawal creates a lacuna on the compassion agenda, and Dukakis has already jumped in the polls. A coming question: Is the brutal presidential trail discouraging those who *should* be running?

4.	**FROM C TO SHINING K**	6	4

Amerika. The show's strikeout has strengthened the resurgent cultural left. The story's not in the low ratings, it's in the new patriotism debate. Giveaway: *USA Today*'s chart on good & bad patriotism. Bad patriotism includes (ho-ho!) a false sense that all is well. See below.

5.	**WHY NOT THE BEST?**	*	3

Competitiveness. Never mind the administration's new "excellence" drive. Dick Gephardt has kicked off his long-shot campaign with a call to make the country great again. Welcome to 1980, 1976, 1968, etc. The cyclic appearance of this presidential theme is the Greek chorus to presidential failures. Dirty little secret: the headless bureaucracy's plodding along fine.

*Item resurfaces in the Zeitgeist after at least one week's absence.

6.	**FLUSHED WITH ANGER**	—	1

Federal drug testing. The tidy-bowl urine test concocted by the government for its workers (complete with blue water to prevent cheating) was greeted with the sort of derision saved for stale crusades. Anyway, the culture's adjusted: a hot cottage industry is "clean" urine ($50 and up per vial) available by mail.

7.	**DON'T BLOW SOME MY WAY**	*	5

Smoking. The No Public Smoking Crusade is on a roll. Ordinances banning smoking (Beverly Hills, Cambridge, New York, Texas, etc.) appear unstoppable. The next front, a possible total ad ban, is significant. Because the issue involves free speech, the tobacco industry actually has some allies.

8.	**TELL AND KISS**	4	9

AIDS. The debate about reporting AIDS on death certificates is moot. Pressure is building to identify everyone among the living who carries the disease. Mandatory blood tests for newlyweds seems likely, with one state considering making nondisclosure to a sex partner a crime. Japan is considering excluding AIDS carriers.

9.	**BLOWING ANOTHER TUBE**	—	1

TV shopping. See? Narrowcasting works. All-shopping TV, a format almost as cheap as all-weather TV, has grown 500 percent in its one year. Naturally, a too-large crowd of investors has gathered, and a shake-out is in the making even before the big players such as Sears get under way. The same pattern occurred with all other such "new" formats. FYI: the first all-shopping TV experiment occurred in 1948.

10.	**AGAPE**	—	1

Gay Priests. The conjunction of a conservative Vatican and AIDS hype has thrown gay Catholics, and especially gay priests, onto the front pages. Vatican angles have proven surprisingly strong since the Curran case reintroduced them. An anti-media backlash from establishment Catholics is beginning.

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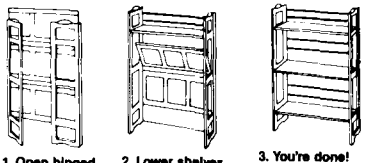

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Under U.S. banking regulations, the banks have 90 days until they must declare Brazil's newly non-performing loans "value-impaired," which would oblige them to report lower earnings. The banks and American officials can use that time to dicker with the Brazilians over spread points and grace periods, hoping to keep all the other balls in the air in the meantime. Or they can join in calling for broader negotiations to set up a system of debt relief that protects both the political stability of the debtor countries and the financial stability of the United States. The banks will suffer either way. They deserve to.

NOTEBOOK

□ AMERICA LAST: The first major Democrat to announce for president says he wants to "make America first again" and is running on a platform that would guarantee America's decline. Representative Richard Gephardt is making protectionism his main campaign theme. He rejects "a false and rigid free trade ideology" under which "Americans are free to buy but not to sell." In fact, foreign trade barriers are a virtually insignificant part of our current economic problems. Far more serious is American industry's inability or refusal to meet foreign competition. America cannot prosper by hiding from the world economy. Gephardt also is co-author of the disastrous Democratic farm bill that would close off the entire agricultural sector from economic reality, at tremendous cost to food consumers. Gephardt charges that Ronald Reagan and the Republicans have based their appeal on "a call to selfishness"—an accurate analysis. Unfortunately, his is the same, only worse.

□ NICE WHILE IT LASTED:

Truce Quiets Beirut

—*Washington Post*, February 20

Beirut Fighting Defies New Cease-Fire Effort

—*New York Times*, same day

(thanks to Raphael Danziger, New York City)

□ COMPETITIVENESS, ANYONE? (I): While the Japanese concentrate on making better microchips, American corporations are busy changing their names. We are now enduring a second postwar wave of corporate renamings. In the first wave, beginning in the 1960s, companies abandoned their original names, which reeked of historic connections to specific products, in favor of stripped-bare, modernist acronyms, thought to be more appropriate to the conglomerate age. The current second wave reflects a return to romanticism and ornamentation, as corporations seek to give themselves personalities by brute force of p.r. United States Steel—perennially building last year's blast furnace—brought the first wave to a close when it became USX a couple years ago. The second wave began a bit earlier with the breakup of AT&T into brand-new companies with fanciful monikers such as "Ameritech" and "Pacific Telesis." More recently International Harvester has become "Navistar" and Burroughs and Sperry merged into something called "Unisys." Now United Airlines, which many years ago became UAL Incorporated, has announced its second rechristening as "Allegis" (pronounced "uh-*lee*-jis"). "The name change clearly identifies us as the only corporation that can offer travelers door-to-door service," says UAL's chairman in a press release. Clearly it does nothing of the sort, but perhaps it will after the planned $7.3 million promotion campaign. (UAL also owns Hertz rent-a-cars and Westin hotels.) The corporation has adopted a new "mission statement," according to the press release: "Allegis: Caring for travelers worldwide . . . a distinctive partnership of companies . . . where people are pledged to service and quality." The ellipses, we're sorry to report, are Allegis's.

□ COMPETITIVENESS, ANYONE? (II): Further evidence of what American business is up to while Japanese business sticks to business.

CONVENTION

SENIOR MEETING PLANNER

The American Bankers Assoc., one of the most prestigious financial trade associations, is seeking an exper. meeting planner to join the 32 member conventions & meeting planning team. The ideal candidate will have at least 4 yrs. in conference planning with heavy emphasis on logistics incl. preparing staging guide that details each function; professional staging-lighting; scripting including audio-visual aspects of meetings, food & beverage hotel/supplies negotiations.

—classified ad, *Washington Post*

□ ANDY WARHOL, 9 p.m.-9:15 p.m.: "In the future," he said, "everyone will be world-famous for exactly 15 minutes." In the era of Baby M and Fawn Hall, that wise cultural observation will earn Andy Warhol, who died February 22, more than his 15-minute share of immortality. The late Liberace, too, may be better remembered as a commentator on contemporary mores than for his "art." He's the one who first responded to criticism with the crack, "I'm crying all the way to the bank."

continued on page 14

COMING NEXT WEEK:

Rock & Reaganism

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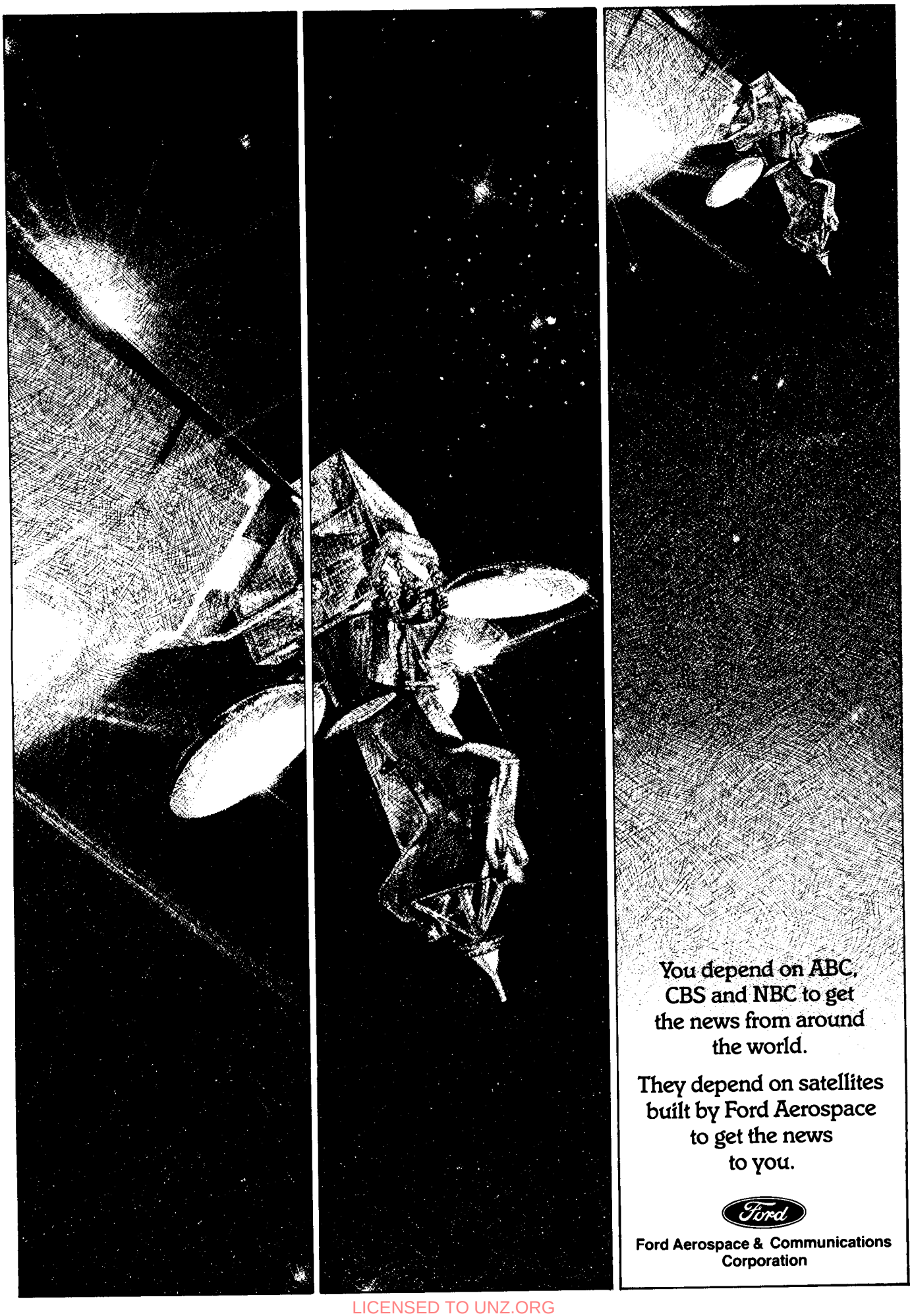

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They depend on satellites built by Ford Aerospace to get the news to you.

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□ CORRECTION: A recent NEW REPUBLIC ("A Taste for Pork," March 2) incorrectly reported that ex-Secretary of the Treasury William Simon, Midge Decter of the Committee for the Free World, and the philosopher Sidney Hook were sent to a meeting of the Socialist International with funds from the U.S. Information Agency. In fact, the three were listed as members of an "Advisory Committee on European Democracy and Security" for the National Strategy Information Center, which administered the USIA grant. There is no evidence that they personally traveled on USIA money.

□ LET'S KILLER:

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—Katie Kelly, ENTERTAINMENT TONIGHT

—ad for *The Bedroom Window*
New York Times, February 15, page 11

BOY!...THIS IS A WONDERFULLY BIZARRE MOVIE, A THRILLER-DILLER-OF-A-CHILLER!
—Katie Kelly, ENTERTAINMENT TONIGHT

—ad for *Dead of Winter*
New York Times, February 15, page 17
(thanks to Stephen Bates, Cambridge, Massachusetts)

WHITE HOUSE WATCH

CARTERIZED

A RENEWED SENSE of purpose gripped the White House in the days before February 26, when the Tower Commission issued its report on the Iran scandal. Suddenly President Reagan couldn't dispatch domestic legislation to Capitol Hill fast enough. The administration's welfare reform proposal was circulated among Cabinet departments in early February for comments. In slightly altered form, the plan was sent around again late on Friday, February 13. Officials were told to get their advice in by 4:30 p.m. the next day. At the same time, Reagan unveiled his legislative centerpiece for 1987, catastrophic illness insurance under Medicare, and released a 750-page bill to promote "competitiveness."

But don't get the wrong idea. It wasn't passionate ideologues at work. The White House was desperate. The rush was not to get legislation passed quickly by Congress—no one anticipated that—but to give the press something besides Iranamok to write about.

From the standpoint of a conservative administration, the situation was worse than it seemed. The successful speedup of the legislative initiatives, even for crass and fleeting political reasons, was the good news. The bad news was that the insurance and competitiveness proposals run counter to Reagan's idea of government, and the welfare plan is pathetically tame. All three measures could have been proposed by Jimmy Carter, the ultimate slur on the guy who defeated him. The worst fear of conservatives has been realized. When they arrived in Washington six years ago, they warned against deviating from their own agenda, their own principles. To let Washington—the press, the bureaucracy, policy lobbyists, Congress, unruly Cabinet members—dictate the president's program was to be "Carterized." Nothing more destructive could happen. Well, in the midst of Iranamok, Reagan has been Carterized.

He did it to himself. When Reagan picked Otis Bowen as secretary of health and human services in November 1985, it was no secret that Bowen favored an expansion of Medicare to include catastrophic health insurance. Bowen and Thomas Burke, who became HHS chief of staff, had published an article touting a plan roughly similar to the one they pushed inside the administration. They also got encouragement from White House officials, particularly Al Kingon, the secretary of the Cabinet. In February 1986, Reagan called for a study of catastrophic insurance in his State of the Union address. In November, after the Iran scandal broke, officials instructed Bowen to publicize his plan (it requires a monthly payment of $4.92 for coverage under Medicare), though Reagan was still undecided on the issue. The officials, eager to combat the effects of the scandal, had been impressed by polling figures from Richard Wirthlin showing the insurance scheme was quite popular.

Never mind that Reagan had opposed Medicare when it was enacted in the 1960s and that his overriding goal was to shrink the government. When Bowen first detailed the plan, he took a simple tack. We've got a horrible problem that affects a few elderly, he said, and there's an easy solution. Reagan listened in silence. But in four more meetings on the subject, he spoke up. He'd known folks who lost their savings because of serious illness. Of course, he wasn't for socialized medicine, he said. Bowen assured Reagan his plan wasn't that.

Conservatives mounted an aggressive effort against Bowen and in favor of a plan involving private insurers. Interior Secretary Donald Hodel warned at a Cabinet meeting that accepting Bowen's plan would amount to "saying that government can do a better job than the private sector." And Democrats would embellish the program. Beryl Sprinkel, the chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers, lobbied every Cabinet member in opposition to Bowen. Reagan, biased in favor of a private plan, let the decision memo sit on his desk for nearly two weeks before siding with Bowen. But the private plan, its advocates conceded, just wasn't a compelling alternative. "We relied on Reagan's philosophy to turn him against Bowen," said a White House official. "But you can't rely on it alone. It's like a strong safety who makes most of the tackles. If

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you get past the strong safety, there's nothing to stop you." In the Iranamok environment, Bowen got past with ease.

Likewise with the competitiveness package. The hot idea of 1987 is making America more competitive in international markets, and the White House wanted to exploit this. So it hastily put together a hodgepodge of proposals and called it the Trade, Employment, and Productivity Act of 1987. "The intent of this proposal is simple: to assure American competitive pre-eminence into the 21st century," Reagan declared. But the crux of the bill was exactly the kind of job training program that Reagan has always ridiculed: $980 million for "worker adjustment" and $800 million for youth job training. These came from Labor Secretary Bill Brock, who took umbrage when a reporter suggested the White House might have had a role. "I was completely free to create," he said. "I never had interference."

This is Cabinet government by default. Donald Regan, the White House chief of staff, controls access to the president, but Cabinet members are largely free to do what they want. Still, none could come up with a jazzy welfare reform plan. Rather than propose anything substantive, the White House opted for federalism. Let the states try welfare experiments. "This implies that conservative social policy has nothing more to say than, give power to the states," says an administration official. "Governors are talking about making welfare recipients work," adds another. "They're bolder on this than we are."

Even in a permissive environment, a Cabinet member can go too far. But it takes raw defiance to provoke the White House. On January 21 Jo Ann Gasper, the deputy assistant secretary at HHS for population affairs, issued a memo barring federal funds for organizations that promote abortion. The memo cited Planned Parenthood. The next day, Bowen rescinded the order. The anti-abortion community went berserk, bombarding the White House with, by one aide's count, 50,000 calls and letters. Gary Bauer, the new domestic policy adviser, cajoled Bowen into issuing a new directive in early February that said federal money couldn't go to pro-abortion groups in general. It named none. Soon the White House discovered that HHS officials were privately assuring pro-abortion organizations that they had nothing to worry about. Nothing would change. Bauer was furious. He sought help from Regan, but the chief of staff, politically weakened by the scandal, declined to call Bowen.

AT THIS POINT, Senator Jesse Helms, the ranking Republican on the Foreign Relations Committee and an ardent foe of abortion, intervened. Ordinarily Helms has little influence at the White House. But at a Carterized White House he does. Helms told Kingon, who's been nominated to be ambassador to the European Economic Community, to forget about confirmation until the abortion issue was resolved. Kingon was instantly "well motivated," says Patrick Buchanan, the communications chief. He raised the matter at the Monday issues luncheon with the president. Bauer chimed in, and Reagan gave a long description of how a fetus is torn apart in a new anti-abortion film he'd read about. Only Peter Wallison, the White House counsel, balked. Regan, taking the lead from the president, decided to take action. He called Bowen right after the lunch. Bowen said he'd look into it.

FRED BARNES

Birth control in the schools.

CLINICAL EXAMINATION

SHOULD contraceptives be distributed to teenagers in public schools? A research panel of the National Academy of Sciences spent two years studying adolescent pregnancy in America, and decided they should. Its 1986 report, *Risking the Future*, prompted a new wave of angry debate about how to reduce the high rate of teenage pregnancy in the United States.

No one disputes the severity of the problem. Teen pregnancy ruins young lives and perpetuates a tragic cycle of poverty. According to the Alan Guttmacher Institute, the rate of pregnancy among American women aged 15 to 19 was almost ten percent in 1981. That far outstrips the next closest industrialized nation, England, where the rate is less than five percent. Guttmacher estimates that more than 80 percent of teenage pregnancies in the United States are unintended and unwanted. Every year about four in 100 women aged 15 to 19 have an abortion. But those looking for ways to reduce these statistics have divided into two distinct camps: one favoring contraception, the other, sexual abstinence.

The contraception advocates point out that a majority of teenagers have already rejected abstinence. In 1986, 57 percent of 17-year-olds say they have had sex. This camp believes that schools, as a central location in young peoples' lives, are a good place to make contraceptives available. Three recent studies (by the National Academy of Sciences, the Guttmacher Institute, and the Children's Defense Fund) have taken this view, while also calling for programs geared toward postponing adolescent sexual involvement and including parents in school sex education classes.

The abstinence advocates believe the answer lies in inculcating values based on a clear understanding that sex is simply wrong for teenagers. They say that moral lessons are best taught by parents in the home, but that schools should continue the job by teaching a chaste morality. Secretary of Education William Bennett has been the most outspoken proponent of this view. Exposing students to "mechanical" means of pregnancy prevention, he says, encourages "children who do not have sexual intimacy on their minds to . . . be mindful of it."

Bennett concedes that "birth control clinics in schools may prevent some births." And indeed, whatever the

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drawbacks, the contraceptive advocates have one strong advantage in this debate: their approach works. The only rigorous study of a pregnancy prevention program for urban teenagers was conducted in Baltimore from 1982 to 1983 by researchers from Johns Hopkins Medical School. The Hopkins-run birth-control clinic, located across the street from one school and nearby another, reduced the pregnancy rate in the schools it served by 30 percent while pregnancy rates in control schools soared 58 percent.

"Why did this program work?" asks Dr. Laurie Zabin, the program's director, in her report on the experiment. "Access to high-quality, free services was probably crucial to its success. Professional counseling, education, and open communications were, no doubt, also important. All these factors appear to have created an atmosphere that allowed teenagers to translate their attitude into constructive preventive behavior." And what of those students who were virgins? According to Zabin, that group of girls (not very large) delayed initiation of sexual activity an average of seven months longer than those in the control groups, strong evidence that awareness of contraception is not directly linked to promiscuity.

But the existing school-based clinics that distribute or arrange for birth control are not just rooms plastered with Planned Parenthood posters where contraceptives are handed out. They are full-service health clinics that came into existence to provide young people with comprehensive health care. Public health officials, including many who have doubts about distributing contraceptives in schools, agree that in many places, particularly the inner city, health care for adolescents is inadequate. The school-based clinic, like the school lunch program, seeks to make all students healthy enough to get the most out of education.

This is not to say that school-based clinics don't do a lot in the way of contraception. According to Douglas Kirby, director of research for the Center for Population Options, a group that advocates and monitors school-based clinics, 15 percent to 20 percent of visits to clinics are for family planning. The majority are for general health care. Twenty-eight percent of the clinics actually dispense contraceptives or other prescription drugs. About half of the clinics write prescriptions that are filled off-campus; the rest diagnose and counsel teens before making referrals to outside health agencies.

These clinics also seem to help reduce unintended pregnancies. In St. Paul 33 percent of girls made use of the clinic's contraceptive services, and birth rates dropped by 50 percent. Thanks to the clinic's counseling, four out of five of the girls who did have children stayed in school, and only 1.4 percent of them had another pregnancy before graduation. Nationally, about 17 percent of teenage mothers become pregnant again within a year.

BENNETT argues that distributing birth control is "not what school is for," and that doing so represents "an abdication of moral authority." Many educators have similar concerns. They fear that communities and government are trying to dump another social problem—like drug counseling and AIDS education—on the schools when they could better be handled in the home. Diane Ravitch, an adjunct professor of history and education at Teachers College in New York, says, "Schools are increasingly being pushed to be social service centers, and they don't do that well."

Yet clearly schools do more than teach students the three R's. School are where many teenagers learn to drive, weld, and cook. And numerous surveys reveal that over 80 percent of parents think it is a proper place for their children to learn about sex. Dr. Stephen Joseph, health commissioner for New York City, explains that if it weren't for the involvement of schools, the United States never could have achieved 100 percent immunization rates, a worthy goal that "wasn't perceived as the role of the school either at that time."

IF THE PRESSING health crisis were non-sexual in nature—tuberculosis, for example—it's hard to believe that educators such as Bennett wouldn't be the first to volunteer schools as a locus for a solution. And of course, if the problem of teen pregnancy is one that the schools shouldn't be expected to deal with, that would exclude any program of anti-sex indoctrination as well as the distribution of contraceptives. Putting such indoctrination into the curriculum is, arguably, more intrusive on the schools' basic function than the existence of a birth control or general health clinic. Bennett's speeches rule out the very real possibility that schools could prosecute a moral agenda and *also* support a clinic.

Despite the success of Zabin's off-campus model, there is a good reason school-based clinics receive such wide support in the health services community: teenagers are notoriously lazy. As Cheryl Hayes, director of the NAS study explains, "If teenagers have to wait in the rain for a bus to take them to a clinic, there is a good chance they will never make it to the clinic." If the goal is providing health care and family planning services to teenagers, it is unlikely that anything will work as well as locating those services where most teenagers are: at school.

Of course the real question that excites people isn't whether teenagers should get birth control at school, but whether they should get it at all. There is no hard evidence linking exposure to contraception with promiscuity, and it is unlikely any teenager who watches prime-time television is less than "mindful" (as Bennett puts it) of sexual intimacy. Although Bennett has dismissed the recommendations of *Risking the Future* as "stupid," the opponents of making contraception available to teenagers have yet to offer an effective alternative. As for the "parental authority" that birth control availability is said to undermine, a 1986 Planned Parenthood survey of 1,000 teenagers revealed that 31 percent of parents discuss neither sex nor birth control with their children. The failure of parental authority is manifest in the almost 900,000 unintended teenage pregnancies in 1983. *Risking the Future* only makes that failure painfully clear.

ADAM PAUL WEISMAN

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Reagan's presidency succumbs.

THE IMPERIAL TEMPTATION

THE IMPERIAL presidency in the United States has staged a comeback some 13 years after the fall of Richard Nixon. Both the recent renewal of presidential aggrandizement and the reaction against it recall the latter days, hectic and ominous, of the Nixon presidency, when I wrote *The Imperial Presidency*. My argument then, as now, was that the American Constitution intends a strong presidency within an equally strong system of accountability. My title referred to what happens when the constitutional balance between presidential power and presidential accountability is upset in favor of presidential power.

The perennial threat to the constitutional balance springs from foreign policy. Confronted by presidential initiatives at home, Congress and the courts—the countervailing branches of government under the separation of powers—have robust confidence in their own information and judgment. But confronted by presidential initiatives abroad, Congress and the courts, along with the press and the citizenry, generally lack confidence in their information and judgment. Consequently, in foreign policy the disposition has been to hand over power and responsibility to the president.

The presidency had always flourished in times of war. "We elect a king every four years," Secretary of State William H. Seward told a *London Times* correspondent during the Civil War, "and give him absolute power within certain limits, which after all he can interpret for himself." But in the past, peace has brought reaction against executive excess. Within a dozen years Seward's elective-kingship theory faded away, and the post-Civil War era was famously characterized by Professor Woodrow Wilson as one of "congressional government."

Then, after 1898, the Spanish-American War stimulated a flow of power back to the presidency. In the 15th edition of *Congressional Government*, Wilson called attention to "the greatly increased power . . . given the President by the plunge into international politics." When foreign policy becomes the nation's dominant concern, Wilson said the executive "must of necessity be its guide: must utter every initial judgment, take every first step of action, supply the information upon which it is to act, suggest and in large measure control its conduct." In another 15 years the First World War gave Wilson, now president himself, the opportunity to exercise those almost royal prerogatives. Then postwar disillusion again revived congressional assertiveness. In the 1930s Franklin Roosevelt, a mighty domestic president, could not stop Congress from enacting the rigid neutrality legislation that put American foreign policy in a straitjacket while Hitler ran amok in Europe.

Since Pearl Harbor, however, Americans have lived under a conviction of international crisis, sustained, chronic, and often intense. The imperial presidency, once a transient wartime phenomenon, has become to a degree institutionalized.

The most palpable index of executive aggrandizement is the transfer of the power to go to war from Congress, where the Constitution expressly lodged it, to the presidency. In the bitter month of June 1940, when the French prime minister pleaded for American aid against Hitler's blitzkrieg, Franklin Roosevelt, after saying that the United States would continue supplies so long as France continued resistance, took care to add: "These statements carry with them no implication of military commitments. Only the Congress can make such commitments." How old-fashioned this sentiment sounds today!

Presidents Truman, Johnson, Nixon, and Reagan thereafter assumed that the power to send troops into combat is an inherent right of the presidency and does not require congressional authorization. Nixon carried presidential prerogative even further when he took the powers flowing to the presidency from international crisis and turned them against his political opponents at home. In Nixon's hands the claim to inherent presidential power swelled into the delusion that the presidency was above the law and the Constitution.

Congress, seized by a temporary passion to prevent future Vietnams and Watergates, enacted laws designed to reclaim lost powers, to dismantle the executive secrecy system, and to ensure future presidential accountability. The War Powers Resolution of 1973 was meant to restrain the presidential inclination to go to war. Congress set up select committees to monitor the Central Intelligence Agency. It gave the Freedom of Information Act new vitality. It imposed its own priorities—human rights and nuclear nonproliferation, for example—on the executive foreign policy.

For a season the presidency appeared in rout. Nixon's successors—the hapless Gerald Ford and the hapless Jimmy Carter—proved incapable of mastering the discordant frustrations of the day. In 1973 the concern had been the excessive power claimed by a president as his inherent right. By the end of the 1970s the republic was consumed by an opposite concern—that the presidency had become too weak to do the job. In 1980 ex-President Ford said to general applause, "We have not an imperial presidency but an imperiled presidency."

HALF A DOZEN years later concern has shifted back from presidential weakness to presidential power. President Reagan demonstrated that the presidency was far from an insolvent office. The congressional reclamation of power after Watergate turned out to be largely make-believe. The War Powers Resolution had no effect in restraining presidents from sending troops into combat, whether in Lebanon or Grenada or Libya. Reagan reestablished the executive secrecy system. He brought the CIA back from its season of disgrace, made it once again the president's private army, and sent it off, without congressional approval, to overthrow the government of Nicaragua.

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In order to escape the CIA's nominal obligation to report its dark deeds to congressional oversight committees and to evade the laws of the land, Reagan converted the National Security Council, heretofore a policy-coordination body, into an operating agency, and permitted it to indulge in the Iran-Nicaragua flimflam. Having placed the integrity and credibility of the United States in the hands of Iranian confidence men, the administration made exposure inevitable. And, when the inevitable exposure began, the administration took refuge in a bluster of incomplete, misleading, and, on occasion, false accounts of what its members had wrought.

THE REACTION against executive usurpation is already provoking a counterreaction, as it did after Watergate. We are beginning to hear again that the presidency itself is in danger. We are told that too zealous an inquiry into executive abuses will cripple the office. The prospect of a fifth consecutive failed presidency is leading some to conclude again that the fatal flaw lies not in the individuals occupying the office, but in the office itself. These apprehensions are unduly gloomy.

In the short run, if a president is inclined to do foolish things, surely a crippled presidency is better for the nation and the world than an unrepentant and unchastened one. And the crippling of a president who does foolish things does not mean a crippling of the presidential office. The reaction against Watergate did not prevent Reagan from having a successful first term, and it would not have handicapped Ford and Carter if they had been more competent.

Nor can one conclude from another failed presidency that there is something basically wrong with the system. The Constitution has never pretended to guarantee against presidential incompetence, folly, stupidity, or criminality. But through the separation of powers, it can guarantee that, when a president abuses power, corrective forces exist to redress the constitutional balance. As Senator Sam Ervin put it in Watergate days, "One of the great advantages of the three separate branches of government is that it's difficult to corrupt all three at the same time." The press, as a de facto fourth branch, serves as a powerful reinforcement of the corrective process.

No one need fear that the recurrent uproar against the imperial presidency will inflict permanent damage on the office. For the American presidency is indestructible. This is partly for functional reasons. The separation of powers among three supposedly equal and coordinate branches of government creates an inherent tendency toward inertia and stalemate. The executive branch must take the initiative if the system is to move. The men who framed the Constitution intended that it should do so. "Energy in the Executive," as Alexander Hamilton put it in the Federalist Papers, "is a leading character in the definition of good government."

Moreover, the growth of presidential initiative has resulted less from presidential rapacity for power than from the necessities of governing an ever more complex society. As the United States grew into a continental, industrial, and finally world power, the problems assailing the national polity increased vastly in number, size, and urgency. Most of these problems could not be tackled without vigorous executive leadership.

A third reason for the indestructibility of the presidency lies in the psychology of mass democracy. Americans have always had considerable ambivalence about the presidency. One year they denounce presidential despotism. The next they demand presidential leadership. Although they are proficient at cursing out presidents—a proficiency that helps keep the system in balance—they also have a profound longing to believe in and admire them. Reagan's success in his first term expressed a widespread national desire for presidents to succeed, even when he proposed policies that made little sense and to which in many cases, if public opinion polls can be believed, a majority of Americans were opposed.

THE PRESIDENCY will survive. The real question is what leads American presidents into the imperial temptation. When the American presidency conceives itself as the appointed savior of a world in which mortal danger requires rapid and incessant deployment of men, weapons, and decisions behind a wall of secrecy, power rushes from Capitol Hill to the White House. The imperial temptation is the consequence of a global and messianic foreign policy. Twenty years ago an apprehensive Senate Judiciary Committee established a Subcommittee on Separation of Powers under the redoubtable chairmanship of Senator Ervin. In 1973 the Ervin subcommittee declared that "the movement of the United States into the forefront of balance-of-power realpolitik in international matters has been accomplished at the cost of the internal balance-of-power painstakingly established by the Constitution."

Whether this was a necessary cost the subcommittee did not say. But a prudent balance-of-power foreign policy confined to vital interests of the United States is surely not irreconcilable with the separation of powers. A messianic foreign policy, however, aiming at the salvation of the world and involving the United States in useless wars and grandiose dreams, is another matter. Vietnam and Iran/Nicaragua were the direct consequences of global messianism, Watergate an indirect consequence.

If America's mission is to redeem a fallen world, then the United States must have a new constitution. And if a messianic foreign policy bursts the limits of our present Constitution, then the wisdom of the Framers is even greater than one could have imagined, for such a policy is hopeless on its merits and can only bring disaster to the American republic. The best insurance against a revival of the imperial presidency would be the revival of realism, sobriety, and responsibility in the conduct of foreign affairs.

ARTHUR SCHLESINGER JR.

Arthur Schlesinger Jr.'s most recent book is *The Cycles of American of History* (Houghton Mifflin).

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General Zia plagued by heroin, Kalashnikovs, and refugees.

THE PERILS OF PAKISTAN

BY MAHNAZ ISPAHANI

LAST DECEMBER the government of Pakistan launched "Operation Clean-Up," a long-promised sweep against drug peddlers and arms dealers in Karachi. The move was directed against a neighborhood populated largely by Pathans from the North West Frontier Province and their cousins, the Afghan refugees. The gun-toting forces of the drug mafia retaliated, but against an innocent group, the *muhajirs*, or refugees, who left homes and histories in India during the partition of the subcontinent in 1947 (and later, too) to come to the country in which they believed. Men, women, and children in the sprawling township of Orangi were bludgeoned to death, thrown into burning buildings, shot, stoned, maimed. Troops did not arrive for six hours.

During these coldest nights of the year, Karachi's citizens lay awake anxiously. At dawn, even the crows of Karachi, that cawing black cloud that hangs over the city, were silent. Then the killing began again. For the next two days the city was the scene of a ghastly ritual of violence. When Karachi returned to its senses, the official toll was nearly 200 dead with hundreds more critically wounded.

The carnage in Karachi broaches the crisis of a country. Once a sleepy Arabian Sea port town of some 300,000, and then Pakistan's first capital, Karachi today houses (or does not house) seven million people. It has absorbed three million *muhajirs* and also drawn a massive internal migration, from the Frontier, from Punjab, from Baluchistan, and from rural Sind, the province in which it is sited. Over 1.5 million Pathans live in Karachi today, more than in their own northern city of Peshawar. But the city, an enforced glutton, lacks the physical amenities and political capacities to cope with this annual influx of a quarter of a million migrants. At some point Karachi has to spit its people out, as in its recent eruption.

Karachi's diverse peoples lived quite harmoniously for decades. "Ethnic violence," that chronic affliction of developing countries, rarely reared its ugly head—a great achievement for such a cramped city, for such a poor country, for such a madly divided subcontinent. Rivalries almost never turned into a thirst for blood; it had been decades since such atrocities had occurred. But all that seems to be over. The drug dealers and the Kalashnikov-wielders are Karachi's new citizens. As Karachi wept, there were no troops, no ambulances, no adequate supplies of medication or blood or beds. People were livid. They even blocked a hospital visit by President Zia-ul-Haq and Prime Minister Mohammed Khan Junejo. The prime minister told me later that the government was doing its best. "I'm sure things will ease down," he said. "Nothing to worry about. We'll overcome." But is there really nothing to worry about? More blood was shed in January. Neighbors are finding it hard to forgive and forget the smell of burnt flesh. In the destroyed districts, social workers are hearing demands not for food or medicine, but for weapons.

The scale of December's massacre seemed inevitable, given the escalation of violence in Karachi over the past two years. Ugly clashes between *muhajirs* and Pathans—often incited by the deadly driving of the "yellow devils," the minibuses owned and operated by Pathans—have left scores dead. But the spark in Orangi was not lit by hostile neighbors of different origins. It was lit by the mafia's men. Karachi is lousy with heroin. In 1980 there was one registered heroin addict in the country. In 1986, according to the government, there were a half million. Most are under 30. And there are guns galore. A Kalashnikov can be bought for 9,000 rupees, or about $500. Drugs and guns are the twin scourges of Karachi.

Karachi's winter tragedy illustrates not only the inefficacy of the government, but also the domestic scars of a foreign war and a foreign revolution. In 1979 Pakistan found itself smack in the middle of what became the greatest geopolitical mess in the modern history of the region. The Iranian revolution flared to its west, and to its north the Soviets invaded Afghanistan.

Pakistan is not a small state by the standards of Africa or Latin America. But, as the geopolitical thinker Nicholas Spykman observed, location is virtually all. Surrounded by three vast nations—by India, by China, and now by the Soviet Union—Pakistanis feel that they have little room to maneuver. What did Pakistan receive for just being there? A society and an economy distorted by heroin. Three million Afghan refugees. Many of the burdens of a war effort. (And a spectacular $3.2 billion from the United States.) So Pakistan went to the bargaining table to settle the Afghan war. But seven years later the diplomats still discourse, while Pakistanis must cope with what they call "the gifts of the Afghan," the Kalashnikov and the heroin. Pathans and *muhajirs* killing each other in Karachi was finally a terrible sideshow to the Afghan war.

II.

PAKISTAN IS A troubled place, and its troubles belie the confidence of successive military regimes that they can fix things. The fight for its independence was advo-

Mahnaz Ispahani, who has completed a book on the land routes of Central and South Asia, recently returned from a month in Pakistan.

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cated and won by lawyers such as Mohammed Ali Jinnah, as India's was by lawyers such as Gandhi. Within four years of independence, however, Pakistan lost both its founder Jinnah and his lieutenant Liaquat Ali Khan. There followed nearly seven years of civilian haggling at the top, and the army emerged as the most coherent institution in the state. It was used repeatedly to quell religious and linguistic disturbances. Finally, in 1958, Field Marshal Ayub Khan took power. Since then, Pakistan has witnessed only five-and-a-half years of civilian rule, under Zulfiqar Ali Bhutto in the '70s. That adventure in democracy ended when General Zia ousted Bhutto, his former boss, in the summer coup of 1977. In April 1979, Bhutto was hanged by Zia's government after being condemned to death, in a controversial ruling, for involvement in the murder of a political opponent. By now the army has governed the young country for over half its history.

Professional soldiers will tell you that each time they seized power, it was because they had had it with civilian incompetence, which was sending the country to hell in a handbasket. As time passed, the army gained confidence and experience in power, and its leadership began to develop their own theories about the political system appropriate for Pakistan. Bhutto was the only civilian to interrupt the army's political ruminations. He emerged from Sind, out of that other weighty constant in Pakistani politics, the feudal class. But his message—secular, populist, socialist—was not feudal. A charismatic leader, Bhutto created an exuberant rapport between himself and the poor and the underprivileged. He raised their political consciousness; he gave them "tongues." Still, there are Pakistanis who will tell you that the institutional injustices of the army in power were boldly matched by the arbitrary personal injustices of Bhutto. His bitterly divisive legacy is alive in Pakistan today.

Bhutto's rule cracked the faith of those Pakistanis who believed that he would succeed in planting the seeds of democracy in inhospitable soil. Bhutto, after all, was brilliant, and he came to power at a time when the possibilities for change seemed unlimited. He took over Pakistan in the winter of 1971, when Bangladesh (formerly East Pakistan) made its bloody break from the rest of Pakistan. The humiliated army was licking its wounds, and civilians rallied around Bhutto and his Pakistan Peoples Party (PPP). But Bhutto's era was marred by the suspension of fundamental rights, the harassment of the press, the crushing of the labor unions, and the imprisonment of political opponents.

Keenly aware of the need to assert control over the military, Bhutto abolished the rank of "Commander in Chief" and tried to promote those officers without known political loyalties. One such general, Zia-ul-Haq, was promoted above his seniors to become the army's chief of staff. But civilian supremacy was not to be. Zia took power after a political crisis that was provoked by allegations of improprieties in the elections of 1977. There were even those who welcomed Zia's new regime. The middle classes had become neurotic under Bhutto. People were tired of trouble.

Today, as Pakistan nears a decade of Zia's rule, the country has lost whole generations of civilian politicians. The generals think themselves as capable as any civilian of redeeming the country. But the rule of a soldier is the rule of a soldier. Under Zia there has been press censorship, military courts, imprisonments without trial, human rights violations—the works. Throw in the odd Islamic punishment, like flogging, and the picture turns more ugly. Still, by the standards of military regimes, Zia's rule has been routinely repressive. And Zia has begun a controlled experiment in democracy, oddly inflected by Islamicization.

The subcontinent has thrown up strange political forms. Who ever heard of a dynastic democracy? But India has one. Many Westerners who see ballot boxes think that they see democracy, but ballots have meaning only within their historical and social context. In Pakistan the two elections of 1970 and 1977 provoked secession and a coup d'état. Fair elections are essential, but they are only one indicator of how freely a society breathes. They are not the conclusive comment on democracy. Where feudal patrons deliver the votes of their peasants, you may also want to ask whose trucks are bringing voters to the polls. It would identify the vote that counts. The retired Air Marshal Asghar Khan, prominent in the opposition, says that he has no illusion about the "crux of the matter"—breaking the grip of the feudals on the rural poor. Most Pakistanis long for a free society. Sadly, their longing is based upon hope, not upon history. Yet without that hope the society would surrender to cynicism.

III.

THE ONCOLOGY OF Pakistan includes "regionalism," a common affliction in the developing world. In Sind, for example. With Bhutto, Sindhis had enjoyed their first man in Islamabad. (Under him, it was Baluchistan that was crushed.) Now Sindhi anger against the discrimination they have experienced in all spheres of national life has been inflamed by the detailed deployment of the army. Since 1983, too, *dacoits*, or rural bandits, have terrorized the countryside. In the political disturbances of 1983, more than 400 rural Sindhis were shot dead by the army. Benazir Bhutto, the leader of the PPP, said that the situation in Sind "is as bad as Bangladesh," and without "the PPP, Sind would have opted out [of Pakistan] . . . long ago." Junejo, however, thought that "Sind is a purely law and order problem."

At bottom the discontent of these smaller provinces with the center reflects the imbalances between them and the province of Punjab. Punjabis, who make up nearly 60 percent of the country's population, are generally prosperous and well connected, dominating the economy and the bureaucracy, and constituting roughly 75 percent of the army. The center-province debate is really about the territorial and political identity of Pakistan. In 1971 it turned into a civil war, which disgorged the state of Bangladesh. But both Bhutto and Zia were inclined to consolidate power at the center. Others, including most opposition parties, believe instead that the terms of the national contract be-

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tween the four provinces must be renegotiated.

The government's greatest enthusiasm has been for Islamicization: to unify the country with its Muslimness. What Bhutto began as a device to prop up his faltering popularity (he banned gambling and liquor) Zia has continued apparently out of religious convictions. He has promoted the Islamicization of law, banking, taxation, and the penal code. These policies have been pushed in tandem with the Jamaat-i-Islami, the watchdog of Islamicization, which ironically opposed the creation of Pakistan for theological reasons. The Jamaat's small numbers, electoral support, and representation belie its strength. A tightly organized, militant fundamentalist party, it fields the meanest and most effective student union in the country. Its inspiration is the severe Wahabi brand of Islam that is practiced in Saudi Arabia. (The Saudis allegedly subsidize the Jamaat.)

Yet Jinnah, the truly secular man who led the Muslims in their fight for a homeland, was unequivocal about the separation of religion and the state. "You are free; you are free to go to your temples, you are free to go to your mosques or to any other places of worship in this State of Pakistan. You may belong to any religion, caste, or creed—that has nothing to do with the business of the state." Pakistan's constitutions have all made reference to the Islamic nature of Pakistan, but its theologians and scholars have never agreed on the precise nature of an Islamic state. Moreover, there can be justice and equality among Muslims in an Islamic state, but an Islamic state cannot be a democracy. In such a state, sovereignty rests with Allah, whose will is interpreted by the clergy. There is a great distance between Mecca and Westminster.

The pressures to Islamicize are strong. The Jamaat has introduced the revolutionary Shariat Bill in parliament. It would make Islamic law (or rather, the Jamaat's interpretation of it) the supreme law of Pakistan, and vest authority in appointed judges. Junejo, the leader of the majority party in the parliament that Islamic law would make redundant, insists that he, too, is for Islamicization.

The bill's proponents have declared that men should be willing to shed their blood for the political supremacy of Islam, but most religious and secular parties, clergymen, lawyers, and educated women warn that the Shariat Bill's passage could lead to a sectarianism that would endanger the state and its elected institutions. Shias in particular cannot countenance the Shariat Bill. Conflicts between Shias and Sunnis, the two main Muslim sects, have been a staple of life in the subcontinent for centuries. In Pakistan the Shias, who constitute over 15 percent of the population, protested Zia's imposition of Sunni taxes in 1980; he backtracked. Even the Pir of Pagaro, the powerful Sindhi feudal and mystic who commands a private army and is also Junejo's principal backer, opposes this bill. Such legislation would curtail the rights of women and non-Muslims. And if the Jamaat has its way, not only could Benazir Bhutto not run for political office, she could not vote. Benazir views the Shariat Bill as "a typical Zia maneuver. First he makes a fake parliament, and then to cut them down to size he wants a mullah body on top of them."

IV.

THE AFGHAN WAR. Imagine its impact not only on the wretched Afghans, but on their neighbors, the Pakistanis. They too do not find the war romantic. It is destroying the fabric of their society. Most of the Afghan refugees are devastated people who have been living in tented villages or camps inside Pakistan for seven years now. Thousands of them cross that useless border, the Durand Line—30,000 last fall alone. The brutal Soviet strategy of depopulating the Afghan countryside is working. At risk to itself, Pakistan has done much for the Afghans. But its own people are needy too. The average income per capita of its 90 million people is about $390—the highest in South Asia, but not exactly easy street.

Most Pakistanis have had it with sophisticated weapons everywhere, and with the death toll that has accompanied them; with the heroin traffic, and its corruption of citizens and government; with the bombings by Soviet and Afghan jets; with the terrorism of KHAD, the Afghan secret police, inside Pakistan. They have had it with being economically undercut; with the loss of firewood used in warming Afghan hands, while theirs stay cold; with the *mujahideen* insinuating themselves into the internal politics of the country. And they have had it even with the nearly three million Afghan animals, which have consumed much of the available pasture in Baluchistan. Resentment against the refugees fuels anti-government sentiment, and spills over into anti-Americanism.

Consider heroin. In the '80s Pakistan has supplied over half of the London and New York markets. The trade rose sharply around 1979-80 due to the crackdown in the Golden Triangle (Thailand, Burma, Laos), the revolution in Iran, and the upheaval in Afghanistan. Khomeini does not like drugs. The routes through Iran were blocked, and the trade redirected itself to the port of Karachi.

Pakistan, which never knew heroin addiction (opium and hashish were its drugs of choice), is home to a drug mafia that has successfully tempted both the addictible and the corruptible. Since the Pathans come from the Frontier (which abuts the Afghan border) and, along with Afghans, run most of the heavy trucks downcountry, and are prominent in Karachi, and seem to be reinvesting pots of money in their hometowns, it seems likely to Pakistanis that some combination of Pathans and Afghans run the business. According to the police, Afghan refugees, on whose head the accusation usually falls, are the small-fry, usually carriers. But others allege that Afghans also play in the big leagues.

In the Frontier, one kilogram of heroin, according to Dilshad Najmuddin, the Narcotics Board chairman, costs about $2,000-$3,000; in Karachi, about $6,000; in London or New York, about $200,000 wholesale. That's incentive. The government (with American assistance) has tried to persuade poor poppy growers to plant alternative and far less lucrative crops, and to conduct aerial spraying, drug education, and rehabilitation.

Drugs breed corruption. The prevalent take in Pakistan

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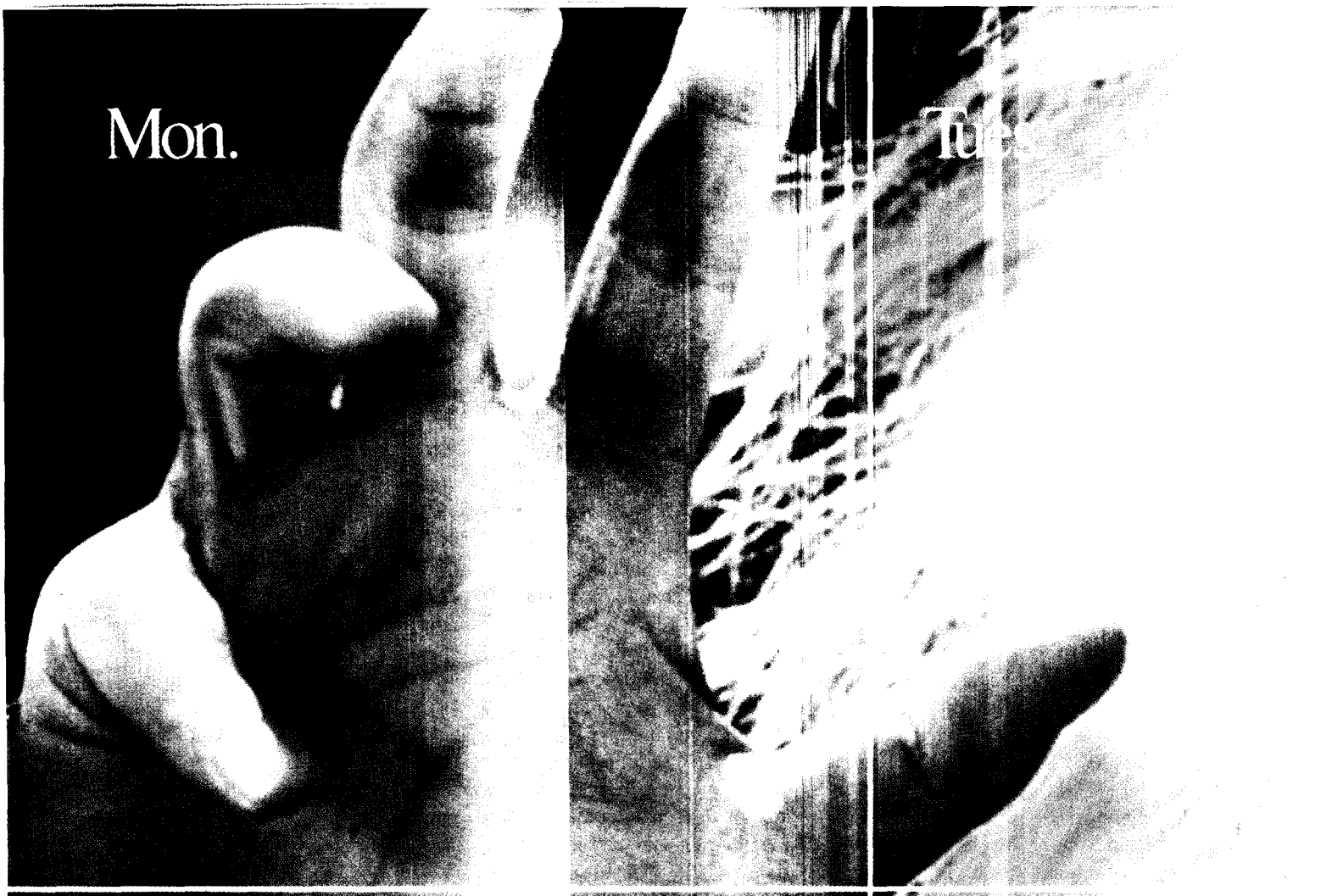

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is that everyone is on the take. It is an open secret that "higher-ups" in the government are connected to the drug traffic. And new money is much in evidence in Karachi, from the outbursts of architectural fantasy to the pricey land, cars, appliances, and jewelry. Junejo himself, who campaigns against corruption, told me that "without corruption this heroin can't be carried up to Karachi."

IF THE HEROIN trade is not the "gift of the Afghan" alone, the spread of weapons is. The technology of the Afghan war has become the technology of death and decay in Pakistan. Rocket-launchers, AK-47 assault rifles, Soviet heavy guns, mortars, pistols, and bombs of all sorts are floating around. But the Kalashnikov is the symbol of the anarchy in arms. Anyone can get hold of one, easily and cheaply. The weapons, meant for use by the *mujahideen* inside Afghanistan, flow into Pakistan mainly from two sources. The largest is the leakage from the CIA arms pipeline. The Soviets and Afghans do their bit, too, by funneling arms to dissident Pakistani tribesmen and saboteurs. (Even the *mujahideen* acknowledge that some of their members are making money on guns.)

With this fancy weaponry, the *dacoits* have created havoc in rural Sind, while petty criminals plague the cities. Ghulam Mustapha Jatoi, a former senior PPP leader who quarreled with Benazir and now leads his own party, argues that the arrival of the Kalashnikov has led to an "unprecedented deterioration" in social order. "We cannot afford the luxury of entertaining three to three-and-a-half million people indefinitely. We have discharged our duties as a brother in faith. . . ." The prime minister, too, is concerned: With "three million people on my soil, how long will I be able to feed them?"

Even in the fierce Frontier the Pathans are getting restless. The strafing and bombing of their villages has become a favorite Soviet preoccupation; there were over 600 raids across Pakistani territory last year. Peshawar is reeling from a spate of explosions and acts of sabotage. (Last week a bomb left ten dead, and Pakistanis rioted against the Afghans.) Moreover, economic competition between refugees and locals everywhere is increasing. The Afghans receive local and international aid—supplies, medical care, and education. Many locals do not. Afghans are buying up shops and land. Pakistanis have begun to feel that their very small pie is being further divided. There are murmurs about sending the refugees back to their camps.

Which is precisely what the government had to do following Karachi's recent calamity, when 20,000 Afghans were transported back to their tents in the Frontier. Zia, however, stands firmly behind the *mujahideen*. He was reported to have said that the trouble in Karachi was "masterminded and committed by certain elements which entered Pakistan under the garb of Afghan refugees." The Jamaat also denounced "any suggestion that Afghan refugees were involved" in the Karachi killings. There is an intimacy between this right-wing party and the *mujahideen*, particularly the fundamentalist Afghan rebel leader Engineer Gulbeddin Hekmetyar. Members of the Jamaat roam freely in the camps, and are said to have armed cadres training with the *mujahideen*. The Jamaat's deputy leader, Professor Ghafoor Ahmed, told me that the *mujahideen* are defending Pakistan against the Soviet Union, and that anti-refugee sentiment is fanned by "the propaganda of those parties and persons" who are "pro-Russian."

Now there appears to be progress toward a solution of the Afghan conflict. The Soviets have made startling offers, including a cease-fire issued by Kabul, some promising statements by Gorbachev, and unusual visits to Kabul and Islamabad by senior Soviet officials. These overtures are most encouraging, but it is worth recalling the old Muslim saying, trust in God but also tie your camel.

The issues yet to be resolved are the timetable for the Soviet withdrawal and the conditions for the refugees' return home, which includes the delicate problem of the nature of the future Afghan government. Pakistan has called for a prompt withdrawal period of a few months—as one senior official asked, "How long does it take to pack?" If the Soviets depart in phases, as they would like, the refugees and the *mujahideen* who return risk slaughter. Yet the prolongation of the war is sure to be painful for Pakistan. The Reagan doctrine cannot solve its problems.

V.

WHO CAN heal Pakistan's wounds? The candidates are: the army, and its representative in government, President Zia; or his representative in government, Prime Minister Junejo; or the parties of the opposition, all of them dependent on national support for Benazir Bhutto and her PPP.

In February 1985 Zia held elections in which he allowed individuals to stand only as independent candidates, but disallowed parties. The parties, including Benazir's PPP, refused to participate (except for the Jamaat). They erred. People voted anyway, and a parliament, mainly feudal and conservative, began to function. And today, as Benazir and the opposition parties call for midterm elections, Zia's response is that "those who missed the bus should now wait for the next shuttle"—for the elections he has scheduled for 1990.

Zia nominated Junejo, a Sindhi, to be prime minister. (Sind is not yet placated.) He also saw to it that parliament validated as law the acts of the military in government. The relationship between Zia and Junejo falls somewhere between power-sharing and what the opposition calls the "civilian facade of military rule." On occasion, Junejo has shown guts. He formed a political party against Zia's wishes. Then he stunned Zia by announcing a date for the lifting of martial law. But Zia is president, and he remains chief of staff of the army. He likes to run the show.

Despite his obvious handicaps, Junejo has restored long-suspended fundamental rights. Political activity is more relaxed than it has been in over a decade—even according to his opponents, a "significant change from the way it was." Plays about Galileo and Pinochet have been allowed in Karachi. The press is freer, and in some cases remarkably

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frank. But controls remain; the small English papers report on the opposition liberally, but most of the Urdu papers are guarded, and television and radio—the most important means of communication in a nation with a minimal literacy level—are firmly censored by the government.

OUTSIDE parliament, Benazir and her PPP stand tall. But the opposition alliance, the Movement for the Restoration of Democracy (MRD), is ridden with factionalism. Benazir and the rest of the MRD leadership, many of whom opposed her father, mistrust each other. Benazir's greatest political asset—being Bhutto's daughter—is also her greatest handicap. This weak, divided opposition tumbles along, providing Zia with more comfort than it provides itself.

Upon her return to Pakistan last April, the Harvard- and Oxford-educated Benazir, the "martyr's" daughter, was greeted by crowds estimated at between a half million and one million. Virtually an "honorary man" in a male-dominated society, Benazir is far and away the most popular political figure in Pakistan today. She bears her father's message, and has shown courage and strength of will in her attempt to lead Pakistan. Benazir is in her early 30s, and, as she told me, "inexperienced, in the sense that I have never held a government job." (She added that the experience of the PPP's central executive made up for that.) She can claim different credentials—her opposition to Zia, her spells of imprisonment including solitary confinement. Time is probably on her side. To attain power, however, Benazir will have to regain momentum, rally the middle classes, and most importantly, find support in General Headquarters. The common perception is that the army may accept a civilian leader, but not her. The "final confrontation" between Zia and Benazir—a historical inevitability if you are prone to a Greek reading of the Pakistani drama (Zia, she believes, is the man responsible for her father's "assassination")—will be personal.

Last year Benazir attacked the legitimacy of the government and insisted upon elections, which she says was the "verdict of the people." On Pakistan's independence day, she summoned her supporters. Not enough came, and a score or so people died. The government jailed her briefly. Her movement seemed to fizzle. What went wrong? Benazir made some blunders. She raced for the jugular. She interpreted the initial crowds as a license to mount her attack on the government. Benazir did not understand that although she could command the vote in an election, her supporters would not die for her in the streets. Benazir also attacked the government for being undemocratic when she herself runs a party that had held no internal elections until 1986 (when, she says, the PPP held some). Even PPP enthusiasts argue that there is a need for greater freedom of expression within the party. The PPP has been deserted by some of its senior, and more moderate, leaders, notably Jatoi.

Benazir's slogan of "Bhuttoism" means too many things to too many people. To her it connotes the democratic, progressive, Islamic principles of the PPP. To others it signifies a "reign of terror—something nobody would want to be associated with," as one politician put it. Critics allege, too, that slogans are no substitute for concrete solutions. Still, within the PPP she stands unquestioned, and within the opposition she stands unrivaled.

Benazir has also been unwilling to batten upon the anti-American sentiments of her followers. "Anti-Americanism" is an amorphous creature that lopes about in every developing country in which the United States is involved. Pakistanis are overwhelmingly anti-Soviet, because of the Soviet Union's atheism, its totalitarianism—and its proximity. But everybody resents American interference—unless it is on their behalf. Pakistanis ascribe omnipotence and omniscience to far-off America; the image of Reagan's men with their cake 'n' Bible has not sunk in.

Recently, however, anti-Americanism has become rather less amorphous. Some blame the Americans for prolonging the Afghan war; others, for their pro-Zia policies. According to Benazir, the United States supports Zia because it sees him as a "statesman, as a man of great intelligence," but his own people view him "as a criminal, as a traitor." And Jatoi worries that the people's traditional fondness for America is hurt by the sense that the United States "is a party toward the perpetuation of dictatorship in Pakistan." Still, Benazir criticizes the burning of American flags, alienating her natural supporters on the left. Pro-Americanism is difficult politics for her, but she is clinging to it.

THE FED-UP factor is on the rise. Nine-and-a-half years of any government is hard to take. Nine-and-a-half years of military rule is much harder. But Zia remains strong, while Junejo struggles to assert himself within an unstable arrangement. The economy has helped, with excellent harvests and a remarkable GNP growth of seven percent annually. The remittances sent home from Pakistani workers in the Gulf—nearly $3 billion in 1983—have not yet fallen off. And U.S. aid may be increased to $4.02 billion this year, if Congress agrees. A cynical friend says that those who oppose Zia are "lawyers, journalists, teachers. Those whose businesses have suffered." Others see Zia as "the great bourgeois," under whom individuals, and more generally the propertied middle class, the businessmen, the industrialists, and the multinationals, have all done well. These groups would be sorry to see Zia go. So would the army and the bureaucracy, and obviously the mullahs.

The challenge for Pakistani politics is not whether Junejo's government survives until 1990, or even whether Zia surrenders power. It is that the army has become a permanent political force. The institution has had time to develop a political ideology of its own. The generals may decide to "share" power with civilians, but barring a rapid change in the talents of politicians and the structures of politics, or a revolutionary change in the minds of junior officers, the military will likely always be present, ruling, advising, or simply casting its shadow across civilian deliberations. It will take a forceful expression of popular anger, and a very powerful leader, to set the army aside. In the political culture of Pakistan, such a leader will more likely turn into a Caesar than a Solon. □

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STANLEY KAUFFMANN ON FILMS

Daughters of Joy

Working Girls
(Miramax)

Broken Mirrors
(First Run Features)

The Good Wife
(Atlantic)

Zola wrote about it in *Nana* as the less *belle* underside of *la belle époque*. Shaw wrote about it in *Mrs. Warren's Profession* as escape from homicidal factory jobs. Crane wrote about it in *Maggie* as gutter life forced even further down. These, and most landmarks among novels and plays about prostitution, share one characteristic: male authorship. It would be foolishly reductive to assume that these works, or any good works about women written by men, would be better if written by women. (Would *Daniel Deronda* be better if written by a man?) Still, it was inevitable, among other belated counterbalancings, that prostitution, the prime instance of sexual exploitation, should be treated by women filmmakers. Documentaries on the subject have limitations because of privacies and legalities. Fiction derived closely from fact can do more—and does more in two films that arrive together. Both are made by women, one American and one Dutch; both are mainly set in brothels.

Lizzie Borden, who won prizes for a previous film, makes her first narrative feature film with *Working Girls*. Presumably Borden calls it "narrative" to distinguish it from documentary, and she avoids "fiction" because her script is closely based on interviews and observation. Her central character is Molly, well played by Louise Smith, a woman in her late 20s with two degrees from Yale. At the start Molly wakes up in bed with her female lover, then bicycles to the Park Avenue brothel where she works, spends a long day there, with overtime, decides to quit the job, and bicycles home feeling free. The decision to quit doesn't come from any dramatic crisis: it's as if the overtime that was forced on her stripped the harsh rationale from the work.

In the brothel we meet an assortment of Molly's co-workers and, when she comes back from a shopping binge, the ever-smiling madam. We also meet an assortment of johns. (One of them is played by Richard Leacock, the well-known filmmaker and film teacher.) We visit the bedrooms and see enough of the working girls' work to demonstrate both its variety and its sameness. For instance, many of the johns want desperately to be thought of as nice and want to meet their girls on the outside.

After this 90-minute film is about halfway along, we begin to wonder why it was necessary. Few of the veristic details can be much of a surprise to any mature person. Then it becomes clear that, despite its bed scenes—if not because of them—*Working Girls* is one of the most anti-erotic of films. Quite unlike porn, the view here is always the girl's, so it's like watching a glamour show from backstage. By the time that Molly leaves and is bicycling home, a theme is forcefully realized without ever having been explicitly stated. This is a protest film.

Directed by Borden and written by her with Sandra Kaye, photographed by the gifted Judy Irola, cast with women and men who by implication support its purpose, this film is a tacit yet strong protest against prostitution. There is no hortatory call for immediate action. The film seems to acknowledge that men who have money and who want brothels will ensure that brothels exist. Some of the women who have limited options in a consumer society will staff them. That is the foreseeable future. But immediate effect is not the only reason for protest, for assertion of humanity. *Working Girls* will not end brothels, but we can be glad that it was made—and made well. Only the most rigid anti-puritan could think otherwise.

Marleen Gorris is the Dutch filmmaker who did *A Question of Silence*, which I thought competently directed and ethically loathsome. (A group of Amsterdam women, who don't know one another or their victim, murder the owner of a boutique for no apparent reason. The film justifies their action simply because they are women and he was a man.) Gorris's new film, *Broken Mirrors*, is much less competently made, and though its ethics are certainly not loathsome, they are heavily pounded. The setting is the Club Happy House in Amsterdam. Many of the details are the same as in the Park Avenue brothel; so, more or less, are many of the girls who work there and many of the patrons. (Exception: a high-spirited student party—rich students, apparently, who are hard to imagine in the Manhattan place.) But Gorris loads on sentimentality and luridness. One of the girls passes the shack of a loony old man every morning and night and converses with him warmly without ever seeing him. Another girl has a baby and needs babysitting help from a neighbor because her husband is a junkie. One girl hangs herself; another is knifed by a john. Interwoven with the brothel scenes is a counterpoint, shot in sepia, about a ma-

FILMS WORTH SEEING

Black Widow. A government agent (female) tracks a murderer (female). What it lacks in conventional suspense it makes up in unconventional erotic undertones. Debra Winger and Theresa Russell gleam under Bob Rafelson's direction. (Reviewed 3/2/87)

The Good Father. A Londoner whose wife has left him and taken their son tries for vengeance through another man's legal action in a similar case. Anthony Hopkins at his sardonic best. (2/9/87)

Outrageous Fortune. Shelley Long, delicately goofy, and Bette Midler, wonderfully vulgar, in a wildly farcical spy chase adjusted for their gender. (3/2/87)

Thérèse. Alain Cavalier's understated yet resplendent biography of Saint Thérèse of Lisieux. All the more moving because of its candor. (12/29/86)

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niacal man who kidnaps women, chains them to a bed, then visits them to photograph them as they starve to death. At the end the murderer is connected to the brothel.

Of course I don't argue that these things couldn't happen, but Gorris handles them sententiously. What's worse, whether such things occur frequently or not, they detract from the real point of the film: even without knifings, suicides, and murders, prostitution is a blight. The view doesn't need melodramatic underscoring.

Neither the American nor the Dutch film mentions Mafia-like "protection." Or AIDS.

Wanted: a script for Rachel Ward. I first fell victim to her in *Dead Men Don't Wear Plaid*, in which she was both beautiful and too talented for Steve Martin. She has made a few other films and a TV series; I had a glimpse of the latter. Now she appears in an Australian film called *The Good Wife*, in which her husband, Bryan Brown, plays her husband. (We're told that he is the only real Australian in the cast. Ward is English—the daughter of an earl, if you please.)

Peter Kenna's screenplay starts moderately well but soon disintegrates into a parodic starkness. It's 1939 in New South Wales. Brown works as a timber cutter; Ward runs the house, acts as the local midwife, and does good deeds generally. Brown's younger brother comes to stay with them out in the country, and in the course of time, as the youth gets increasingly frustrated, he asks Ward, then Brown, if he can borrow Ward for his sexual initiation. These are shown to be relatively normal people, yet without much reluctance the youth's request is granted. Meanwhile, a Handsome Stranger has come to the town nearby, to be the barman in the hotel. Ward is accosted by him about 11 seconds after he gets off the train. She rebuffs him; but as she subsequently watches his success with other women in the town, she becomes inflamed with desire and trails after him more slavishly than Alida Valli trails after Farley Granger in *Senso*. Discovered with someone else's wife, the barman is forced to leave town. In the whooped-up climax, Ward, who has pursued him, is thrown off the train. Her husband understandingly takes her back. (How fussy can he be if he has lent her to his brother?)

I daresay it's all supposed to be blunt-

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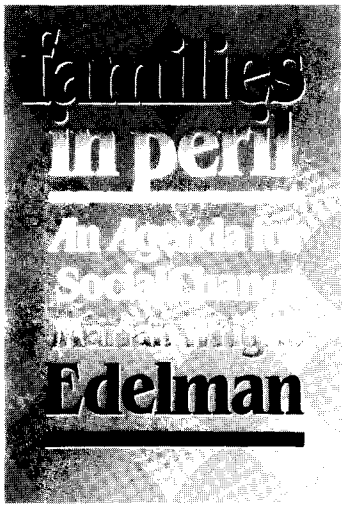

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ly elemental, but it's all nonsense. Yet Ward makes more sense of it than could be expected. She looks something like a brunette Blythe Danner, with the same willowy quality and quiet self-certainty. She hasn't yet shown anything like Danner's talent, but then—at least as far as I have seen—she has had fewer chances. Bryan Brown is able, but he seems to be at his outer limit here. Ward seems to be capable of much more. Where's the script?

MARK STEVENS ON ART

Palette Niçoise

In the winter of 1916, Henri Matisse, then 48, tired of Paris. He rented a hotel room in Nice and began to paint small, fairly realistic pictures. Brilliantly casual in manner, alive to the charm of flesh and flower, the new works were suffused with breeziness and a southern seaside light. (Matisse, transcendently gifted, seemed to dip his brush into light itself.) During the 1920s, Matisse spent winter and spring in the south and painted hundreds of such pictures. Collectors found them as irresistible as a bouquet of flowers. Modernist critics, made of sterner stuff, narrowed their eyes with suspicion. The pretty pictures were a problem.

In his Nice hotel room, it was thought, Matisse took a vacation from high seriousness. Having left behind his grand, architectonic style, with its increasingly abstract rendering of color, line, and space, he was now piddling away his genius on easel pleasantries. The illusion of three-dimensional space and the easily "read" imagery of the paintings were old-fashioned. The bosomy profusion—odalisques and rococo curves and other sultanic excesses—was a touch vulgar and (most damning of all) bourgeois. In fact the paintings of this period amounted to little more than an interesting parenthesis between the 1916 masterpiece *La leçon de piano* and the monumental *La Danse*, completed in the early 1930s. Though rich in Matisse, the Museum of Modern Art did not deign to collect many paintings from this period.

In the postmodern era, which admires the decorative and cares little for distinctions of rank, this estimation has eroded. Now the National Gallery of Art has mounted a large and beautiful exhibit, "The Early Years in Nice: 1916-1930," that accords the period great respect. Dominique Fourcade, who organized the exhibit with Jack Cowart, calls the Matisse oeuvre an "uninterrupted story"—implying that this time, too, has its greatness. It certainly does, though the case is put for argument's sake too strongly. If one is a stickler for rank, then one must place the *niçoise* pictures below the achievements of some other periods. To which the right response is not modernist condescension, however, but a serious smile.

The lesser work of a great artist is not necessarily minor. Matisse's was one of the governing imaginations of the century. Picasso's flux, Duchamp's irony, Mondrian's spirituality, Matisse's pleasure—each took many forms. During these years, Matisse was engaged in the same research (a word he liked) that characterized his greatest periods. One must not forget, in particular, that he was investigating paradise. His search for a "*luxe, calme, et volupté*" that was neither cheap nor nostalgic—that suited modernity—naturally took different forms at different times. European culture at the end of the First World War was shattered; the famous "*rappel d'ordre*" and the nostalgic dalliance with classicism in the 1920s reflected a fatigue both with war and with the relentless experimentation of the previous two decades. Matisse himself had just finished an exhausting period, having created work that he intended to be unprecedented. He wanted a respite, he said. And why not? Genius sets its own rhythm. To a tired artist interested in paradise, the idea of respite must have had profound charm.

In the south, Matisse assumed the prerogatives of the tourist—but not for trivial reasons. To begin with, how remarkable that an artist his age, already famous for a certain kind of art, financially successful and comfortably settled in studios in Paris and Issy-les-Moulineaux, should suddenly change everything; this was the act of a nomadic, not a lax, imagination. More important, the pictures are those of an artist who has declared his freedom from the expectations of others in order to follow whims, try things out, play with boundaries, break rules, pretend. In one painting, he will flirt with Cézanne, in another with Courbet. He will remember his fauve past or hint at some cubist ideas. It might even be fun to paint a picture from inside a motorcar. Most important of all, he will again paint from life—not with the intention of becoming a realist, but to enrich his imagination. "I would finally have become a mannerist," he said in 1919, referring to the abstract drift of his art. "One must always guard one's freshness, in looking and in emotion." In seeking to refresh his eye with the study of nature, however, Matisse neither returned to the tried and true nor forgot his radical discoveries. He put realism under a new and exquisite pressure. In Nice, observed reality twinkles into fancy, into a version of paradise. Matisse charms the eye into forgetting what is real and what is abstract.

This process of enchantment begins with various formal seductions. To make the pictures more readably real, Matisse was obliged to suggest depth. He took the usual methods of doing so, perspective and modeling, and teased them. Into a receding space he would insert decorative patterns, such as checked cloth, which generally flatten pictures. Sometimes a pattern will simultaneously suggest both the flatness of the picture plane and, through tricky work with perspective lines, the depth of space. As for modeling, Matisse rarely depended upon traditional methods, such as mixing black into a color in order to render volume through a progression of tonal values. Instead, he modeled in ways that suggest, but do not insist upon, the volume of the form. For example, the shadows falling away in a face will have enough impasto to hold the surface. Black itself is used as a color—and it comes forward as often as it recedes.

The *niçoise* pictures strike the eye as reasonable enough; yet, filled with often clashing colors, they ought to be riotous. Matisse unified compositions partly through his brilliant orchestration—the balance of the forms, the weighting of the brush, the relations of color—and partly through the Mediterranean light, which Fourcade calls an "architecture without pillars." The artist sometimes thinned his color or mixed in white to enhance that aura of suffused light,

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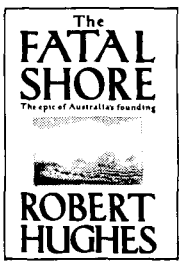

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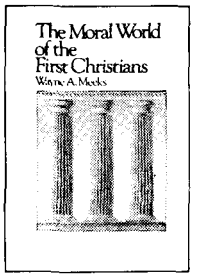

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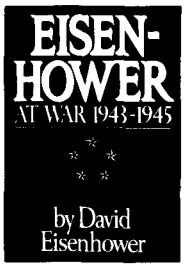

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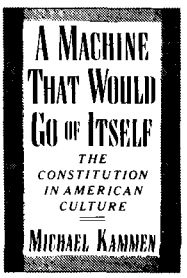

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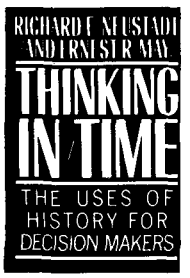

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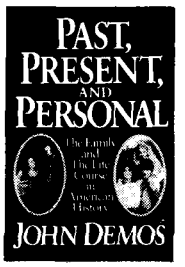

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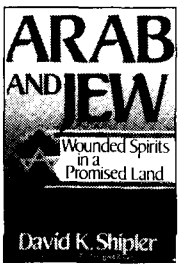

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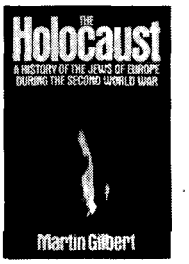

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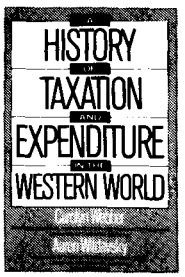

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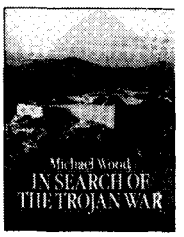

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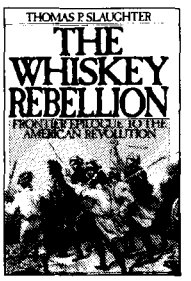

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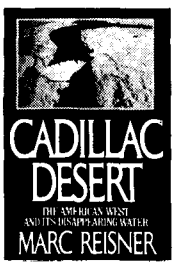

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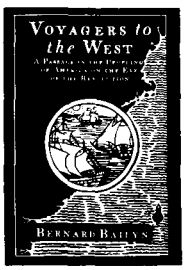

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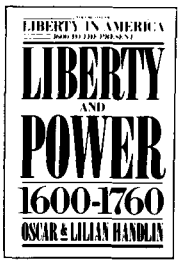

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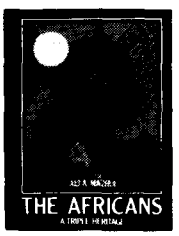

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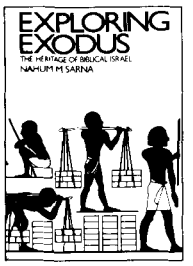

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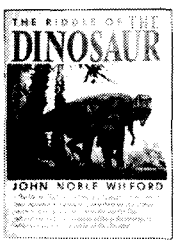

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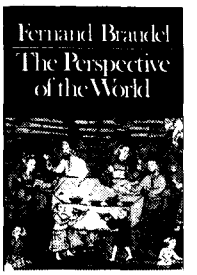

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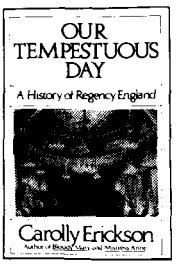

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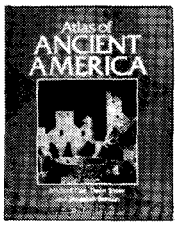

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which brings the composition together. The saturation of color and the suffusion of light also discourage the eye from concentrating on any part of the painting. There is no single focus, which itself creates a kind of unity.

Matisse once observed that nature does not make mistakes with color; in a meadow aflame with color, every flower lives in harmony with every other. During the Nice period Matisse regularly arranged such outrageous harmonies—and what is paradise, if not an outrageous harmony? No artist worked harder than Matisse to suggest that element of offhandedness, of the impossible become crazily easy, that is characteristic of these paintings. As in paradise, every detail in a good Matisse has its logic; but the logic is inspired. You will not find the brush simply describing pleasure; at play in the paint, it is pleasure itself. It renders not just the flower, in short, but the smell.

The artist further bewitched reality through his choice of subject matter. Nice is a tourist town given to make-believe, and hotel rooms are places for travel, escape, extravagance, infidelity. Late in life, Matisse remembered the Hôtel Méditerranée as:

> A good old hotel, I must say! And what lovely Italian ceilings! What tiles! They were wrong to pull the building down. I stayed there four years for the pleasure of painting nudes and figures in an old rococo salon. Do you remember the way the light came in through the shutters? Everything was fake, absurd, terrific, delicious.

He added theatrical props of his own. Interiors are filled with odds and ends that the artist collected: bits of patterned cloth, Moorish knick-knacks, brilliant carpets. These were not in themselves expensive or luxurious; it was part of the trick to transform the ordinarily ostentatious into the mythically opulent. He made a model one of the most beautiful hats in the history of art, although it was just straw, feathers, and a black ribbon. In Henriette, his favorite model of the time, he found an accomplice who enjoyed leaving her real self behind in favor of whatever fantasy the artist wished to develop. Even when painted as a nude, Henriette was not really naked. In the famous series of odalisques, Matisse "dressed" her in the exotic fantasy of the harem. Her body, while sometimes startlingly lifelike, is equally a dream of the flesh. Matisse himself nicely described these fruitful confusions: "I do odalisques in order to paint nudes. But how does one paint nudes without their being artificial? Because I know that odalisques exist. I was in Morocco. I have seen some."

MANDELSTAM

Spring in Voronezh delivers itself on schedule, like goods shipped
on a freight train (several baskets of white flowers and radishes,
bushels of assorted greens, nipped buds, and crates of unearthed onions):
unceremoniously dumped at the station platform, to which
we come, greeting the new season—the hours still shortened, making ends
meet with a hand-to-mouth winter daylight on the lake. We make do
with our own accumulated stores, what's not been removed (meaning
what isn't found or remembered!). The simplest needs escape notice:
a bed for sleep, table and wood stove to cook by, a lamp for light,
a change of clothes, and last a box of letters (mostly official,
some personal), with a notebook tied in string (our past not being
a keepsake to put out), stashed under the loose boards we walk on.

Morning under the weather, a low sky not being up to much,
slow to color, fill out, seeming content to let a common fare
of two clouds pass, at the field's end, for levity—what with the stream
not getting away much these days, and the trees, in a windless air,
having to stand up for their own, even this smallest traveling
circus of empty tents above us does real, if unconvincing, good.
Something of levity here too? where the flagstones are stepping up
the grassed footpath, bracing the ground's incline against erosion,
the earth surreptitiously tending, where it can, towards a lost,
apparently level origin, recovering by slow degrees
the ground it rose from, letting itself out, unshaped, like sea water,
or the light that lengthens evenly over the down's rise and fall.

Winter days, the afternoon sun, for a while, would stem the outer
range of this meadow gone to seed, and then withdraw: the unkept life
I keep turning back from: a cropped landscape largely unvisited,
but for occasional crossings when left a moment to myself—
staying in touch, a familiar outlook returned to, of common
gray meadows grown with brush, fallen barns and half-erected shelters
on the tree-line, acres of cold radish, I'm escorted back from
in time (all goods reclaimed), knowing that this is what I have come to.

What takes the place of a land when its place is taken? Hardly
these primitively furnished rooms that we hurry between, lighting
in them inconspicuously like days that press on as we do
in circles over the same ground. Nor any sketches that I might
venture in the time spared, however much I work them like garden plots
one tends to in the hard soil turned over beside a wooden fence:
bean plants draped and looped between sticks, sidewinders with the light arranged
on them. I pour off a bucket's cold water lifted from the well.

But they cannot be lived on, can't support even what little weight
they're staked to; I've less time to touch them up on their thin sticks under
the light's changes, stemming a landscape we've lost, the days unoccupied.
The earth too has nowhere to go, growing in the places it can
still come to, extending itself to this white plate of garden greens
in the window's scrubbed, up-to-date light, pushed to the limit.

JEFFERY DONALDSON

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In addition to "dressing up" reality, Matisse offered the eye various escapes from the ordinary world. Many pictures contain mirrors, only a few of which choose to reflect things as they are. Some portray magical little abstractions. Others are painted black; these mute mirrors are very mysterious. In Matisse, the substance of things can never resist the loosening of air and light. Even the most cluttered pictures do not lack for breath; they may seem as dense as a Vuillard, but they are usually as weightless as a butterfly. And then there is the window, and beyond that the balcony—and beyond that the diffuse ocean, which relaxes the eye into reverie. Almost never does a picture seem confined by its own charm. Matisse releases the dream in the material, whether through a mirror, the ocean, or crazy rule-breaking exaggeration.

The dream does not, of course, become too grand or abstract; even the outrageous odalisques are curiously domestic. In fact, some people have found the odalisques a little too material, sort of cheap and tawdry. Matisse would probably have agreed, with the proviso that vulgarity has its uses. In the role of tourist, Matisse was willing to be taken, to buy gaudy trinkets and believe for a night in gypsy dreams. Acting like a tourist, after all, is one of the few ways a modern sensibility can still visit the paradises locked in the past; and the touch of melancholy in these pictures, of being able to look but not attain, is perfectly in keeping with the position of a tourist in paradise. In using the odalisques, traditionally a source of romance for the Western imagination, Matisse worked the edge between the superficial and the serious with great finesse. He let the tinsel show, but he did not smirk.

Part of Matisse's appeal rests on a false paradox. On the one hand, he is presented as the radical painter who transformed art; on the other, as the cozy bourgeois, the avuncular decorator who likened art to an armchair and had nothing in common with the usual neurotic bohemian. Matisse was not nearly so simple, of course; or, to put it differently, his simplicity derived from a rich and complex apprehension of the world. This exhibit should confirm that his most accessible paintings are more than decorative and that the period as a whole is amazingly diverse. It is a shame, in fact, that the museum did not organize small concurrent shows of his sculpture and drawings of the period, which would have further demonstrated how many ideas Matisse could hold in his mind at once.

LA MÉDITATION—APRÈS LE BAIN, 1920

Two recent books, important reassessments of the artist, also represent a welcome enrichment of Matisse studies. Neither Pierre Schneider, who published *Matisse* two years ago, nor Jack Flam, the author of the just published *Matisse: The Man and His Art, 1869-1918*, confines himself to a mere description of Matisse's iconography and formal innovations. And neither repeats the cheerful platitudes about Matisse the bourgeois. Both recognize that in this century there has been no artist more intelligent, elusive, and self-conscious. Both critics are interested in the complex *character* of Matisse's meaning—which requires a wide-ranging meditation on his sly personality, his contradictions, and his spiritual intent.

To see this show, or to read either of these books, is to become aware of several rhythms in Matisse's art. There is the one in each picture, of course, and the one in each period. And then there is the rhythm of his oeuvre as a whole—one of the most beautiful rhythms in the history of art. Again and again Matisse, while moving in different directions, came back to restate the idea of transcendent joy. In 1930, at the close of the *niçoise* period, he went to Tahiti. When he returned he settled permanently in the south. He seemed no longer a tourist; he had by now taken full possession of the idea of a paradisiacal south and Orient. Natives often feel less need than the tourist passing through to claim, possess, describe the material features of a place. A large painting at the end of the exhibit, *Femme au madras*, has a sketchy look. A few lines define the features of a woman; there are some big blocks of color and also patches of unfilled canvas. Having enjoyed the stuffing of the world, having located the virtue in excess, Matisse was perhaps ready to distill from profusion a finer art, in which light would no longer appear beholden to the things of the world. Here we can begin to sense the late cutouts—that flight from the easel, that magnificent endgame, when, with a pair of scissors, Matisse seemed to cut his art out of light and air. □

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Reconsideration: W. E. B. Du Bois.

THE BLACK AND THE RED

BY C. VANN WOODWARD

The appearance of a volume of collected writings by W. E. B. Du Bois in the Library of America, which is intended to include "America's foremost authors," invites a revaluation of Du Bois. And next year will mark the 120th anniversary of his birth and the 25th anniversary of his death. That should provide enough perspective for a reappraisal of the man and his work. Ordinarily when we speak of the "work" of a writer, we mean only his writings. In the case of Du Bois, however, that would be too restricting, since it would neglect numerous works that are not primarily literary. These include a half dozen periodicals that he founded and edited, and the publications of numerous institutes, research programs, social movements, and congresses, national and international, that he launched. Du Bois has a legitimate claim to the fathering of black studies and black history, of the civil rights movement, of the Niagara movement, of the NAACP in America, and of Pan-Africanism abroad. The primary objective of his writings, in short, was usually the advancement of a cause, rather than the creation of literature.

Writings
by W. E. B. Du Bois
edited by Nathan Huggins
(Library of America, 1,334 pp., $27.50)

The sheer volume of Du Bois's output is suggested in the bibliography by Paul G. Partington, who lists 2,394 published items. The bulk of these are essays, articles, editorials, and journalistic pieces, but among them are 19 books of his own, including scholarly monographs, histories, novels, memoirs, and autobiographical works, plus as many more that he edited. Most of his own books have also appeared in new editions and reprints. *The Souls of Black Folk* went through 22 editions in 35 years, plus seven reprints of the original 1903 edition. Works of his have been translated into 13 foreign languages, including six books and 12 articles into Russian.

More important than quantity, however, is the quality and variety of Du Bois's writing, much of which was ephemeral. Some of his best and most moving prose is to be found in *The Souls of Black Folk*, published when he was 35. Each of its 14 essays is headed with a bar of music, as if to strike a thematic chord. Du Bois called the book, written during the bitterest period of racial injustice in his life, "a cry at midnight." He mixed protest with the poetry of sorrow:

> Before the Pilgrims landed we were here. Here we have brought our three gifts and mingled them with yours: a gift of story and song—soft stirring melody in an ill-harmonized and unmelodious land; the gift of sweat and brawn to beat back the wilderness. . . ; the third, a gift of the Spirit. . . . Nor has our gift of the Spirit been merely passive. Actively we have woven ourselves with the very warp and woof of this nation,—we fought their battles, shared their sorrows, mingled our blood with theirs, and generation after generation have pleaded with a headstrong, careless people to despise not Justice, Mercy, and Truth, lest the nation be smitten with a curse.

And yet he could write, "I should be the last to withhold sympathy from the white South in its efforts to solve its intricate social problems." He added that "the present generation of Southerners is not responsible for the past."

It is absurd to think of Du Bois, as Southern whites sometimes have, as a New England-born New Yorker who was ignorant of the South. He lived and worked in the South for 25 years. The South is the main subject of his writings. He edited one scholarly monograph after another on the conditions, the influences, and the institutions under which its black people and its white people lived and struggled.

In his early years, Du Bois was among the first to point the way to a true history of race relations; to understand the meaning of Reconstruction, the path to segregation, disfranchisement, and Populism; to see the true nature of the New South's rulers, Northern colonization, and the essential discontinuities of Southern history. Underneath the hurrahs of New South progress, Du Bois sensed better than anybody of his time the drabness and the sullen hatreds, the sadness and the tragedy of a heartbreaking land.

The field of history that owes him most for innovation and revision is that treated in his *Black Reconstruction*, a book published in 1935 that the leading journal of the history profession did not even review. "I write then," he said, "in a field devastated by passion and belief," a field in which "three-fourths of the testimony against the Negro . . . is on the unsupported evidence of men who hated and despised Negroes." Du Bois was appalled at the quantity of propaganda in most of what was written on the subject. "I stand at the end of this writing literally aghast at what American historians have done to this field," he wrote. And yet, with detachment that bordered on despair, he could say of white Southerners during Reconstruction: "There is no villain, no idiot, no saint. There are just men; men who crave ease and power, men who know want and hunger, men who have crawled. They all dream and strive with ecstacy of fear and strain of effort, balked of hope and hate."

Perhaps his most memorable words on being black in America are these: "One ever feels his two-ness,—an American, a Negro; two souls, two thoughts, two unreconciled strivings; two warring ideals in one dark body, whose dogged strength alone keeps it from being torn asunder." Powerful as this passage is about the inner conflict over racial identity, the same concept of "two-ness," the same theme of duality, also serves to characterize and to illuminate other mysteries of this complex figure. Take first the contradictions in his intellectual life. Here was a humanist schooled, as he wrote, "in science and the scientific attitude" and taught reverence for it, an artist in the role of a scholar. It is not surprising that at Harvard he sought out as a "friend and guide to clear thinking" William James, whose life was tormented by comparable dualities. James made a protégé of young Du Bois. The two-ness did not end there; it was found also in the young Puritan who would be a libertarian, the man of thought who would be a man of action, the populist who was fundamentally an elitist, and the traditionalist who became a professed revolutionary.

He eventually found ways to live with, if not entirely reconcile, his warring ideals and personal contradictions. His first significant publication was his Harvard dissertation, *The Suppression of the African Slave-Trade*, constrained by the solemnity of "scientific" history but at

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least fairly readable and free of jargon. (The same is true of the sociological monographs on Negro life by Du Bois that I have sampled.) But in the midst of all this laborious social science, he turned out the lyrical essays that make up *The Souls of Black Folk*.

In his memoirs, *Dusk of Dawn* (1940), and in the posthumously published *Autobiography* (1968), Du Bois explained the forces that shaped his writing. After he resigned from Atlanta University and moved to New York to edit *The Crisis* in 1910, his writing took on the character, to use his words, of "deliberate propaganda for race pride," with the express purpose of "convincing American Negroes that there is no reason for their being ashamed of themselves; that their record is one which should make them proud." In addition to his daily outpouring for the periodical and journalistic press, Du Bois found time to write five novels: *The Quest of the Silver Fleece* (1911), *Dark Princess* (1928), and in his last years a trilogy entitled *The Black Flame* (1957-61). But none of his fiction achieved the popularity or the influence of his non-fiction. Nathan Huggins properly represents only the non-fiction in the Library of America edition of DuBois's "writings."

THE BARE facts of biography do little to explain the rise of this man from poverty and obscurity to international fame. Born and reared in Great Barrington, a small town in western Massachusetts, he was the child of a woman of Dutch and African origin and a man of French and African origin. He never saw his father, who left Du Bois's mother before his birth, but he did once meet his grandfather Alexander Du Bois, who left a lasting impression. The paternal grandfather came from the Bahamas to Connecticut, where, according to the grandson, he "had been trained as a gentleman in the Cheshire school," and later ran a grocery store in New Haven. The deserted mother in Great Barrington lived over a former stable and worked as a domestic servant, but she managed to support herself and her son so that he could attend the local public school. There he scored a record that attracted support from private donors in his hometown and a small scholarship that took him to Fisk University in Tennessee in 1885.

He arrived in Tennessee at 17, a little black Puritan in the sensual South, so innocent that, according to him, he "actually did not know the physical difference between men and women." In his hometown, he explained, "sex was deliberately excluded from talk and if possible from thought." At Fisk he again scored a high academic record, took his B.A. in three years, and was admitted to Harvard College as a junior in 1888. Guided by William James and George Santayana, he finished a B.A. in philosophy two years later and, with a $400 bequest from his grandfather and a fellowship from the university, entered Harvard graduate school in political science. On leave from Harvard he studied for two years in Berlin, with a grant and loan from the Slater Fund. By the time he was 26, he had studied under some of the greatest scholars in the Western world, and had traveled in Germany, Switzerland, France, Italy, Austria, Hungary, and Poland. With all that experience, and with a Ph.D. from Harvard, the first it had ever granted a black candidate, young Du Bois enjoyed advantages very few Americans of his time could match. He remained keenly aware of this.

Reviewing his dreamlike European experiences, he wrote: "Then after two long years I dropped suddenly back into 'nigger'-hating America." But he was not about to play the "nigger" for Americans. He turned up at his first teaching job, at Wilberforce College, with the cane and gloves of his Berlin student days. In a metaphorical sense, he never put them aside. This did not help relations with what he called "my fellow Negroes"—or with fellow whites, for that matter—most of whom were untraveled, unpretentious, unsophisticated provincials.

DU BOIS himself admitted that he was never "what Americans call a 'good fellow.'" No one ever called him "Bill." While he claimed to be a good teacher, he confessed that "I did not know my students as human beings; they were apt to be intellects and not souls." Among fellow black intellectuals, according to J. Saunders Redding, he was tremendously respected but "not generally liked"; he was regarded as "a crusty, mordant-witted snob" who was "a little too proud of himself." Among whites he was prone, he said, to "let them make the advances, and they therefore thought me arrogant. In a sense I was, but after all I was in fact rather desperately hanging on to my self-respect." It seemed to take a bit of hanging, though he attributed his aloofness in part to shyness. "I deliberately refused invitations to spend weekends with Henry

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James and H. G. Wells," he tells us. "I did not follow up an offer of the wife of Havelock Ellis to meet him and Bernard Shaw." He also passed up several opportunities to meet presidents of the United States. Even the most unbiased of whites might have considered him just a bit choosy.

The remarkable thing in view of all this is the humility with which he conducted his early career. His first gesture was to write to Booker T. Washington in 1895 to congratulate him on his "phenomenal success at Atlanta—it was a word fitly spoken." The word was the "Atlanta Compromise," which summed up the very race policy Du Bois bitterly opposed a few years later. Meanwhile he accepted a professorship at Atlanta University and began his series of 18 annual studies of Negro life, sociological papers mainly done under his direction and published by Atlanta University. They were inspired by the naive faith—"the firm belief," as he put it—"that race prejudice was based on widespread ignorance. My long-term remedy was Truth."

The series lasted longer than the faith, for he was soon embroiled in outspoken repudiation of the program of concession and submission that composed Washington's Atlanta Compromise. He was still a teacher and regarded himself as "a scientist, and neither a leader nor an agitator." But now that he was persuaded that "Truth" was not enough to banish prejudice, and that vigorous leadership and agitation were necessary, he had to ask himself, "What with all my dreaming, studying and teaching was I going to *do* in this fierce fight?"

The first step was to found the Niagara Movement in 1905, a small group of elite blacks; and to launch three short-lived publications—a weekly and two monthly journals—all to propagate the message of uncompromising struggle for civil, political, and economic rights. The Niagara group attracted more attention than it did money and numbers, and after five annual meetings it merged into the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, which was founded in 1910. The NAACP was dominated by white liberals, but Du Bois assisted in the founding, moved to New York, and started *The Crisis*, the official journal, which he managed and edited so successfully that in eight years he had built a circulation of some 100,000.

DRAWING BY JACK COUGHLIN FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

His editorial career was nevertheless a stormy one, beset by clashes with his board over his independent, outspoken, and radical views. He would brook no restraint in speaking the truth about lynching, peonage, police brutality, and all manner of segregation, discrimination, and injustice to his people. He denounced a dictatorship of white supremacy in which, he said, "I could not stir, I could not act, I could not live, without taking into careful daily account the reaction of my white environing world. How I traveled and where, what work I did, what income I received, where I ate"—it was always the same story. In spite of these constraints and his editorial duties, he found time to write more and more books, organize and attend Pan-African conferences, and plan encyclopedias of Africa and Afro-America and "an ambitious program for a hundred years of study" of black people.

High in the priority of his values, and "first of all" in his controversy with Booker Washington, was the doctrine he called the "Talented Tenth." By this he meant the recruitment and education of an elite corps of self-conscious black leaders for the "folk." By no means including as much as a tenth of the black population or of black students, his was a gospel of "the exceptional man, and the lifting of his duller brethren slowly and painfully to his vantage ground." Du Bois did not believe that there was "ever a nation on God's fair earth civilized from the bottom upward"; rather, "it is, ever was and ever will be from the top downward." Anti-egalitarian in spirit, this was an elitism, a belief in an aristocracy of "the best and most capable." He traced his inspiration back to "fair Harvard." More durable than any of the political doctrines he embraced and abandoned, his elitism often found political expression as he moved leftward.

Never much of a party man, Du Bois resisted black allegiance to the Republican Party by endorsing William Jennings Bryan for president in 1908 and Woodrow Wilson in 1912, though he quickly parted company with the latter. He was briefly a member of the Socialist Party, and took an interest in the Bolshevik Revolution and the rise of communism. But at that time, he writes, "I did not believe that the communism of the Russians was the program for America; least of all for a minority group like the Negroes." Instead he advocated "a third path" that took advantage of a partially segregated black

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economy to establish consumer and producer cooperatives similar to those of the old Populists of the 1890s.

Through self-segregation blacks could use boycotts and other means to put pressure on the market to their advantage. Thus Du Bois found himself "fighting segregation but simultaneously advocating such segregation as would prepare my people for the struggle they were making." Having first endorsed Booker Washington's acceptance of segregation, and having then declared war upon it, he was now promoting it—all, he promised, to move "the modern world into a new heaven and a new earth." The neo-Populist heaven and earth, however, showed no signs of materializing. Du Bois resigned as editor of *The Crisis* and from the NAACP in 1934 as a result of his changed position on segregation and integration, and continued his search for salvation elsewhere.

IN 1926, Russian callers whom Du Bois assumed to be "clandestine agents of the communists' dictatorship" had invited him to visit the Soviet Union, expenses paid. He accepted, on condition that his freedom of opinion be in no way compromised. In Russia he saw that people were still struggling with the aftermath of war, but he was nevertheless profoundly impressed during his two-month visit and found much to praise in the revolution.

Back home he confessed reservations and misgivings about communism for Americans, particularly black Americans, who were "a despised minority" and "not as Marxism and Socialism usually assume an overwhelming majority with power in the reach of its outstretched arms." He also took a dim view of an

> American communism led by a group of pitiable mental equipment, who give no thought to the intricacies of the American situation . . . and who plan simply to raise hell on any and all occasions, with Negroes as shock troops,—these offer in reality nothing to us but social equality in jail.

He denounced the reckless and "tragically wrong" methods the American Communists used in exploiting the case of the Scottsboro boys for political ends.

Ten years later, and seven years into the Great Depression, Du Bois returned for a second visit, taking the Trans-Siberian Railroad across 4,000 miles of the country to the Far East. This time he found "a nation sure of itself," and thrilling signs of progress and achievement. But he retained many of his doubts and misgivings. Reds were still whites, after all, whites with their habit of pushing people of color around. "American Negroes," he wrote, "were asked to accept a complete dogma without question or alteration. It was first of all emphasized that all racial thought and racial segregation must go and that Negroes must put themselves blindly under the dictatorship of the Communist Party." The Party ignored the fact that "the split between white and black workers was greater than that between white workers and capitalists," and that it had no prospect of attracting many white or black recruits because of blindness to racial conflict. Thus in 1940 Du Bois could write, "I was not and am not a communist. I do not believe in the dogma of inevitable revolution in order to right economic wrong."

WHAT MADE Du Bois change his mind completely in the next two decades and join the Communist Party is not clear. Perhaps it was not entirely clear even to him. "I wavered for years," he later wrote, repeating that "this decision was slow in making." In the meantime he had returned to Atlanta University, where he gave a course on "Marx and the Negro." He was fired from the university in 1944, returned to the NAACP staff the same year, and was fired by its board in 1948. These unpleasant experiences were compounded in the years of the cold war and McCarthyism.

During the cold war Du Bois more and more openly championed Communist causes and left-wing positions. He eulogized Stalin and Vito Marcantonio, the faithful party-liner who was elected to Congress from the American Labor Party; he defended the Rosenbergs. The personal consequence of these activities was a great deal of harassment from government and other opponents. He was indicted, tried, and acquitted of the charge of acting as the unregistered agent of a foreign power. The government withdrew his passport. Editors began to return his manuscripts; colleges no longer invited him to lecture; and he believed his mail was being tampered with or withheld. "In fine," he wrote, "I was rejected of men."

Most keenly felt of all was rejection by his black brothers, at least the mainline leaders and institutions. Their newspapers and journals stopped mentioning his name. The NAACP, which he had helped to found and had served for so long, warned its local branches against him. So it was that he lost touch with his own people at the very time—the mid-'50s—that they were accelerating the pace of the civil rights movement, the most effective blow they ever struck. His reaction to the victory of the NAACP in the Supreme Court's *Brown* decision overturning school segregation (1954) was that he had "seen the impossible happen." He sent a message of support to Martin Luther King during the Montgomery bus boycott. But both men knew by that time that the blessing of Du Bois would have been the kiss of death. He was soon to place oceans between himself and his embattled people.

Further alienation from his native land followed from the rejection and the suspicion that his actions inspired. In the superpowers' exchange of propaganda blows during the cold war, both sides resorted to exaggerated claims and charges, each seeking to outdo the other. In reacting to these exchanges, Du Bois invariably came down on the same side (though he had yet to join the Communist Party): President Truman, he declared, "ranks with Hitler," while Chairman Stalin was "a great man" who deserved "deep worship" by his people. The United States, he said, was "leading the world to hell."

INCREASINGLY Du Bois found abroad—and most lavishly in the Soviet Union, its allies, and its satellites—what he was denied at home. There he was repeatedly lionized, honored, and decorated during officially sponsored visits. He received honorary degrees from universities in Czechoslovakia and East Berlin. In Beijing he was delighted that "my 91st birthday was given national celebration." He declared that China had been "crucified and [had] risen from the dead." His interview with Chairman Mao lasted four hours, and in his travels about China he met with "universal goodwill and love." In Moscow he visited Chairman Khrushchev, and with much acclaim was awarded the International Lenin Prize. Du Bois was pleased to note many signs of material progress during his fourth visit to the Soviet Union. "Above this and rising out of it," he added, "and expressing its thoughts and ideals, rises the real aristocracy of the Soviet Union, the writers and scientists." And furthermore, "they get the highest wage" and enjoy special privileges. As Gerald Horne, the admiring left-wing biographer of Du Bois, has pointed out, "His concept of a 'Talented Tenth' leading the Black community was altered to

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the point where it resembled a Leninist vanguard."

It may well be that Du Bois saw in the New Class of Soviet Russia the realization of one of the few doctrines to which he had consistently clung since his youth, the elitist dream of an intellectual aristocracy to lead the benighted masses. As for the freedom of expression that privileged writers might enjoy in Communist countries: they "will become freer" later on, he wrote, but never "so free as to betray the ideals of the land." Freedom had its limits.

Foreign honors from Africa had an irresistible and emotional appeal for the founding father of Pan-Africanism. In 1960 Du Bois went to Ghana to celebrate its independence, and to Nigeria to attend the inauguration of its first African governor-general. The following year he accepted the invitation of Kwame Nkrumah to move to Ghana. His decision to join the Communist Party on his departure from the United States came as an anticlimax; it had long been anticipated. He died in Ghana less than two years later, on August 27, 1963, the day before the triumphant civil rights march on Washington.

WOULD DU BOIS have adhered to his allegiance to communism through all the ensuing years? Of course it is impossible to say. We do know, however, that the growth and flowering of that allegiance had not been halted by the liquidation of the kulaks, the Moscow trials and purges, or the expansion of the gulag archipelago. We know that the revelations of Stalin's atrocities before the Communist Party congress in Moscow in 1956 left him "not in the least cast down." We know that the crushing of Hungary by the Red Army in the same year did not disturb him at all. If all that failed to shake him, would not Czechoslovakia, Poland, Afghanistan, Ethiopia, and all the rest also have failed to shake him? Your true believer, after all, can take Mao's Cultural Revolution and its victims in his stride and follow up with Pol Pot and his Kampuchean slaughterhouse. A few million fatalities now and then have been accepted as the price of revolution.

The problem is that, given what we know about Du Bois, it is hard to believe that he would have become that much of a true believer. As Horne writes in explaining and celebrating the shift to communism, "Du Bois was not one to cling to a point of view if he felt that changing times had undermined it"; and Horne quotes his hero as saying, "I pride myself on ability to learn, on seeing what appears before my eyes," and again as declaring, "I shall always be willing to change my mind when I see reason to do so." We have seen that he often changed his mind. My own experience as one who has written on segregation leads me to take comfort in Du Bois's response to charges of inconsistency between what he had written on segregation in 1910 and what he wrote 24 years later. "I am not worried about being inconsistent," he replied in 1934. "What worries me is the Truth."

Had he lived longer, and his search for the truth been extended long enough, I believe that Du Bois's "ability to learn, on seeing what appears before my eyes" would have resulted in another drastic change of heart. What was happening in his beloved adopted land of Africa would have sufficed: for example, Communist Ethiopia is now engaged in fighting four wars on three fronts, and is using foreign Red armies, as well as the denial of food, as weapons. In all, eight African countries are now engaged in long-standing civil wars, with all sides receiving foreign aid and some of them also using starvation as a weapon. Du Bois's probable stand on South Africa can be predicted readily enough, but it would have been in his spirit to perceive the racism implicit in the discriminatory indignation of white Americans. Rightly outraged by thousands of black casualties inflicted by white troops and police in South Africa, Americans appear unconcerned about hundreds of thousands of black casualties of black governments in other countries. Du Bois would have recognized the assumption that no better was to be expected of black governments.

This is the story of a black Puritan from New England who went South to learn the facts of life, and from there to Harvard, and from there to the capitals of European culture to learn life's fairest dreams. Du Bois's fondest and most durable dream was of a black version of Plato's guardians of the Republic, an elite aristocracy of talent that would lead its brothers to the light. As he moved back and forth from North to South, from New World to Old World, the elite of his dreams changed shape, and even color. Their final form was that of the Muscovite aristocrats of the New Class, a vision encouraged by the entertainment, honors, and decorations lavished upon him by the world's mightiest dictators and their satellites. Finally his search took him to Africa, to become a citizen of its first liberated republic, there to die, and to mix his dust with the ashes of one small but significant part of his ancestry.

THE HOUSE THAT BUILT JACK

The Fitzgeralds and the Kennedys: An American Saga by Doris Kearns Goodwin

(Simon and Schuster, 932 pp., $22.95)

At a family gathering recorded by Doris Kearns Goodwin, Joseph Patrick Kennedy boasted: "This is the most exclusive club in the world." It was his revenge for the exclusions he had suffered in Boston and at Harvard; and revenge, as usual, shaped its bearer to the likeness of its object. Kennedy had become richer, more snobbish, and more exclusive than any of his original tormentors. *The Fitzgeralds and the Kennedys* is that customary story of the Kennedys' rise, told here with more detail and more authority. But the specific contribution of this book is the intimate view it gives us of life inside the "exclusive club"; and the surprising thing is the loneliness within that tight little circle, what Goodwin calls the "compartmentalized" lives the Kennedys lived with each other.

The idea of family was the highest value instilled by Joe Kennedy, but it was often just an idea:

> Jack was the one to notice that "the idea of family" served to substitute for his parents' absence. . . . The children were given a lot of affection by various surrogates, but they never enjoyed the security of the continuing presence of the two people who stood at the center of their lives.

The father was absent on business, the mother on "her travels"—the possessive

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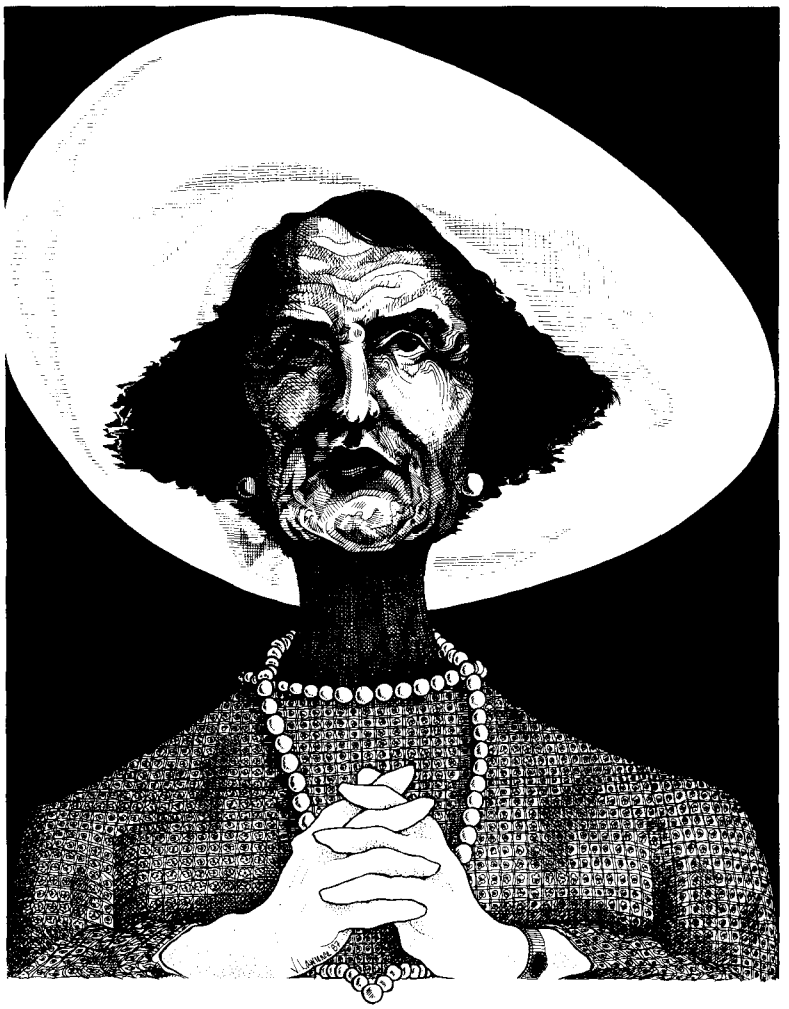
becomes, here, a defining word: the endless travels had no other point than that she could possess them. Son Jack resented and cried about his mother's frequent departures, but it did no good. He steeled himself, as so much of the family did, in affectlessness. Joseph Jr., ordered to be a model for the other children in their parents' absence, is presented here as a monstrous adult-child not allowed to have the feelings of either state: "Knowing that his mother, especially, depended on him to act in a particular way, he learned to suppress his spontaneous reactions."

Over and over we are told how difficult was the traffic in any emotions but family pride and the drive for power. "So driven was the pace of [Jack's] sex life, and so discardable his conquests, that they suggest a deep difficulty with intimacy." Jack's favorite sister, Kathleen ("Kick"), after her many affairs and a tragic marriage, said she first felt real love for the domineering philanderer Lord Fitzwilliam ("my Rhett Butler"). Evelyn Waugh knew Fitzwilliam as "a king dandy and scum," but Kathleen followed him, in his reckless dashes at death, onto the plane that killed her. According to Goodwin, "Jack was a bit envious, admitting later to Lem [Billings] that in all his relationships with women, except perhaps with Inga [a wartime affair with a touch of danger and scandal], he had never lost himself as Kathleen appeared to have done."

The family oddly blended a love for danger with the utmost caution in protecting the Kennedy men's careers. An ascetic discipline of appearances was exacted from the sons. The father had private detectives follow his children, to check on their associates and keep him informed of their progress in the assignments given them. A regimen of secrecy was maintained around the existence of Jack's affliction with Addison's disease. When cortisone's benefits were discovered in 1949, a supply of the drug, greatly in demand, was surreptitiously "stored away in safe-deposit boxes around the country so Jack would never run out" and have to confess his need for it to someone not in on the secret. The father appointed watchers over Jack's health, to make sure he ate the proper things at the proper times. After the death of his oldest son, Joe Kennedy's fierce ambitions centered on the fragile health of this second son, whose pace had to be forced to meet the schedule that had been drawn up for his older brother.



DRAWING BY VINT LAWRENCE FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

Within the circle of Kennedys, reflecting each other in the mirrors of their toothy smiles, family members could be eerily remote from each other. The principal example and symbol of this is the mother, whose ignorance of things going on around her surprises the reader again and again. Rose Fitzgerald Kennedy is the bridge figure tying together the two families Goodwin studies. As John Fitzgerald's daughter and Joseph Kennedy's wife, she sealed the alliance of politics and business, publicity and money, that launched the "golden" generation. Goodwin combines her own interviews with previously unknown letters to draw an especially revealing portrait of Rose.

As the adoring daughter of an overbearing father, "Rosie" replaced her own retiring mother ("Josie") as hostess at her father's political celebrations. Josie Fitzgerald, the wife of "Honey Fitz," did not like Boston, or politics, or parties, or Europe. Her daughter compensated for this by loving them all, as her father shared them with her. Even when he thwarted her will—sending her abroad when a scandal broke over his administration as Boston's mayor, sending her to a Catholic college rather than to Wellesley, her own preference—she was unquestioning in her devotion to him. Only when Josie forced Honey Fitz to withdraw from politics, under the shadow of his affair with "Toodles" Ryan, did Rose defy her father's wishes and marry the suitor who had long been courting her, Joseph P. Kennedy. As Goodwin says: "Rose was profoundly disturbed, far more than her mother, by the revelations about her father and some beautiful young girl who was, after all, only twenty-three years old, the same age as Rose."

But life with Joe Kennedy was not what the starlet of her father's political extravaganzas was accustomed to. Her mother had wanted to live in the suburbs, until politics drew her father back into Boston. With Joe Kennedy, Rose found herself stranded in the suburb of Brookline, permanently pregnant, and alone—Joe was off making money. After six years of this, Rose went back to her father's house, meaning to stay there. But Goodwin thinks this option was precluded by the fact that a dying younger sister had supplanted her as her father's favorite. Rose resolved to face her duty with Joe, and went into a religious retreat to brace herself for the or-

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deal. Frequent retreats would mark her spiritual life thereafter, and a separate room in (or outside) the family home, and long journeys away from the family.

Rose always turned out, with flashes of her former style, for political appearances and campaigns. But her comings and goings otherwise have an odd inconsequence, a restless irrelevance to the family's crasser purposes. Here, for instance, is her conduct as the ambassador's wife in London:

> On many mornings, she stayed in her room until noon, writing and reading. And then, for weeks and months, she occupied herself with the task of filling the embassy's bookcases with old and valuable books, all of which she had specially bound in soft, restful browns and beiges.

It was not hard to keep this mother from knowing much that went on around her and in her family. Joe Kennedy could even bring his mistress, Gloria Swanson, back from England on the same boat with her. More cruelly, he did not consult her when he decided to have Rosemary, the retarded daughter who was belatedly becoming sexually active, lobotomized. Rose learned of this only years later, after Joe's own mental functions had been damaged by a stroke. Then Rose permitted herself a slight criticism, in typical terms: "It erased all those years of effort I had put into her. All along I had continued to believe that she could have lived her life as a Kennedy girl, just a little slower." Being a Kennedy woman, the hard task she had set for herself, she also proposed for her rebellious daughter Kathleen. Of Kathleen's marriage outside the Catholic Church, she said:

> I thought it would have such mighty repercussions in that every little young girl would say if Kathleen Kennedy can, why can't I . . . Everyone pointed to our family with pride as well-behaved, level-headed and deeply religious. What a blow to the family prestige.

When Kathleen, after her husband's death, decided to marry a divorced man, Rose told her that henceforth "she would be regarded as dead."

Goodwin ends her book on a note of triumph, declaring that the best of both parents went into the election of John Kennedy as the first Catholic president of the United States—the mother's religious background and respect for culture, the father's savvy and push and charm. But was it the best that prevailed? In the earlier chapters of the book we are given a vivid impression of the Irish immigrants' communal religious observances and mutual reliance; but religion survives most distinctively for the Kennedys in the remote cell of the mother, alone in her piety. The neighborhood politics of Rose's father yielded to the "lone wolf" tactics of Joe Kennedy, the champion predator of the savage Wall Street of the '20s. The product of these developments was the affectless "unmoved mover" of political passions, a pragmatic manipulator of other people's zeal, the cool warrior par excellence. The Kennedy charm was very real; but it was an exotic flower farther removed than might appear from the roots Goodwin traces so thoroughly. It was as complex a fictive effort as the one that made of an ailing John Kennedy the very image of health. The triumphs of the Kennedys were large, and Goodwin records them; but the costs were largely hidden, and Goodwin reveals them, including the costs of becoming a servitor of the Kennedy myth: Rose is the ghost that haunts this book—never more so than at the end, when, John Kennedy safely elected, the nation was lobotomized.

GARRY WILLS

Garry Wills is the author most recently of *Reagan's America: Innocents at Home* (Doubleday).

VICTORIAN LADY KILLERS

Idols of Perversity: Fantasies of Feminine Evil in Fin-de-Siècle Culture by Bram Dijkstra

(Oxford University Press, 453 pp., $37.95)

A Dark Science: Women, Sexuality, and Psychiatry in the Nineteenth Century by Jeffrey Moussaieff Masson

(Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 199 pp., $15.95)

In the opening scenes of Rodney Dangerfield's hit film *Back to School*, the popeyed hero walks into a lavish party in his own home and surprises his arty wife in the arms of another man. "Excuse me," the interrupted lover haughtily remarks. "Your wife was just showing me her Klimt." In its sly sexism and punning allusiveness, suggesting that our own fin de siècle has made women idols of perversity, the line could be the epigraph of Bram Dijkstra's witty and rewarding study of the "iconography of misogyny" in late 19th-century culture.

A professor of comparative literature at the University of California, San Diego, Dijkstra has moved into the field of art history for this opulently illustrated book. Using hundreds of paintings and drawings that were reproduced in turn-of-the-century art journals and exhibition catalogs from England, France, Germany, and the United States, he has traced the evolution of images of women from the nuns, madonnas, and invalids of the mid-Victorian period to the vampires and man-eaters of the 1890s. Even for specialists in the field there are many unfamiliar pictures among the reproductions, and Dijkstra is brilliant in pointing out their thematic relationships and their individual details.

In 11 densely detailed chapters, Dijkstra traces the constellations of misogynistic sexual images in art as they evolved from sentimentality to virulence. At mid-century, the wish to keep women passive and helpless dependents on men emerges in paintings of mad Ophelias and of my lovelorn Tennysonian namesake, "Elaine the lily-maid of Astolot," floating in her flowery death barge. And it appears as well in the limp, heavy, somnolent women of Albert Moore and Frederick Leighton, whose alarming lassitude Dijkstra attributes to the medical discourse of the period on the perils of female masturbation. Female narcissism is endlessly represented in pictures of women kissing their mirror images, gazing at themselves in circular baths, engaging in

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autoerotic play with other women, or petting anthropomorphic and curiously possessive cats and dogs.

By the end of the century, these subtle and only obliquely anti-feminist images of women have mutated into savagely misogynist and "gynecidal" visions of female sexuality. Albert von Keller's *Study of a Dead Woman* (1885), for example, depicts the emaciated cadaver of a woman seen at the morgue, where the artist had gone to draw the final death grimace, which he believed analogous to the expression of female sexual ecstasy. In Ludwig von Hofmann's *The Valley of Innocence* (1897), a huge adolescent girl plays with the naked body of a toylike little man. Beside her is a knife and a pile of decapitated male bodies, while a parade of other tiny men wait their turn for the massacre.

Dijkstra is particularly interesting on the subject of women artists at the fin de siècle. While we might suppose that women would have challenged the hostile stereotypes and sentimental conventions of the period, most women artists, he argues, were forced to become even more conventional than their male counterparts in order to prove themselves in a predominantly male field. Women were taught to emphasize "feminine" subject matter, while at the same time they were ridiculed by the avant-garde as mere imitators, incapable of originality. Only a few women artists attempted feminist revisions of masculine themes, but their images are among the most striking in the book. In the context of repeated masculine representations of the narcissistic woman, for example, Mary Cassatt's paintings of women, children, and mirrors look like ironic critiques of female confinement to a glass house of surfaces and reflections. The painting Dijkstra has chosen for the cover of the book is the feminist *Salome* of the American artist Ella Ferris Pell (1846-1922). Unlike the evil and perverted seductresses portrayed by male artists of the 1890s, Pell's Salome is healthy and young, "a radiantly self-possessed woman who looks upon the world around her with confidence, with a touch of arrogance even—but without any transcendent viciousness." Yet Pell never achieved the popularity or critical acclaim of her male contemporaries, such as Moreau and Klimt, and she died in poverty and obscurity, "disowned by her relatives, and buried in a pauper's grave."

Dijkstra's explanation of fin-de-siècle misogyny as post-Darwinian sexual anxiety, although interestingly supported by references to literature, science, and psychiatry, is less convincing than his analysis of the images themselves. These overdetermined images of feminine evil cannot be fully explained by scientific or economic ideas; their abundance at the turn of the century is partly the result of aesthetic fashion itself. Some feminist critics, most notably Nina Auerbach in *Woman and the Demon*, have argued that the imagery signifies respect for female power. Moreover, Dijkstra does not make important distinctions between national cultures as they responded to questions of sexual power and change. He ends with a strong indictment of gynecidal fantasies as the breeding ground of genocidal realities, arguing that the intellectual assumptions of misogyny also nurtured anti-Semitism, racism, and fascism. But he does not show, as he might have, how the most murderously woman-hating images (and narratives) of the fin de siècle came from German and Austrian artists. Only in particular political settings could the flight from Woman to the strong godlike leader be realized and the fantasy of defeminization be put into practice against "effeminate" Jews.

In this, as in other respects, *Idols of Perversity* will provide material for scholars to ponder and to cite. Among the questions it raises is whether these images have implications for the 1980s, during which the successes of the women's movement have combined with apocalyptic anxieties to create new stereotypes of predatory women. Our decade markets the image of feminine evil in perfumes called Opium, Decadence, Obsession, and Poison, and self-parodies female sexuality through the blasphemous figure of a soft-porn Madonna. The idols of perversity are still being worshiped and feared.

JEFFREY MASSON also sees the fin de siècle as the cradle of perversity, but despite its title his book is not primarily about women, sexuality, and psychiatry in the 19th century. It is about the sexual abuse of children in the 20th century. In his controversial first book, *The Assault on Truth: Freud's Suppression of the Seduction Theory* (1984), Masson argued that although Freud had heard about childhood sexual abuse from his women patients, read about it in extensive Continental medical literature, and perhaps even witnessed autopsies on murdered children, he had decided in 1897 that tales of childhood rape or seduction were not memories of real events but rather the Oedipal fantasies of hysterical women. In so deciding, Freud moved psychoanalysis out of the realm of social intervention and into the realm of the unconscious.

The nine essays in this volume, translated from German and French medi-

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cal journals of the fin de siècle, are intended to bolster Masson's argument against Freud and to support his larger campaign against the abuses of the modern psychiatric profession. In a passionate introduction, Masson moves rapidly from an assertion that these are representative 19th-century medical texts that also "represent the unspoken content of much of modern psychiatry" to a host of contemporary problems and abuses: incest, pornography, hysterectomy, female circumcision in Africa and the Middle East, wife-battering, rape, anti-Semitism, psychotropic drugs, electroshock, and psychosurgery.

Arguing that "the theoretical position a psychiatrist took about the sexual abuse of children" was a "sure indication" of his positive or misogynistic attitude toward women, Masson attacks expressions of skepticism about children's testimony in sexual abuse cases as exercises in "blaming the victim." He is incensed, for example, by press coverage of such trials as the McMartin case in Los Angeles, in which "the public is cautioned not to fall into the trap of mass 'hysteria.'" The book's preface, by the anti-pornography activist and feminist theorist Catharine MacKinnon, is even more hyperbolic and vehement, describing psychiatry and pornography as equally misogynistic and sadistic forms of male power, and recommending that women study the book to find out what not just these doctors, or even psychiatrists, but all men as a group "really think of them."

THESE ARE strong claims on important topics; but despite its indignant rhetoric, the book falls very short of making a convincing case. First of all, although Masson claims to have spent two years reading 750 volumes of French and German medical journals from the period 1880 to 1900, and then to have read 300 case histories of women patients at the Sanatorium Bellevue in Switzerland during the same years, his alp of reading has produced a disappointing molehill of new material. Two of the essays on the unreliability of juvenile witnesses (by Alfred Fournier and Auguste Motet) have already been cited in Masson's book on Freud. And an essay on clitoridectomy is from 1865, the decade when such sexual surgery was at its height; by the 1880s the practice had been thoroughly discredited in England and had diminished elsewhere in Europe. The Swiss case histories are neither summarized nor cited anywhere in the book; and Masson's polemical introduction offers no background information on 19th-century gynecology or psychiatry.

Secondly, Masson offers no evidence that these nine essays, three of which deal with the difficulties of children's testimony in cases of sexual abuse, and six of which are about painful surgical treatments for female masturbation and hysterical complaints, are either representative of general attitudes during the period in question or connected to modern psychiatric thought. Recent historians of psychiatry, such as Andrew Scull, have traced the internal debates over such misogynistic practices in medicine and clarified the intellectual contexts and ideological evolution of psychiatry. But Masson has no interest in differentiation, definition, or detail. Though the book presents itself as dealing with "psychiatry," only two of the nine men included were psychiatrists; the others include a gynecologist, a dermatologist specializing in leprosy, a surgeon, a physician, and three whom Masson does not identify in any way. He offers no explanation of the surgical procedures of clitoridectomy and ovariotomy, calling the widely debated gynecological procedure of ovariotomy, or removal of the ovaries, "castration," not only in the translations of the essays themselves but also in his own notes.

These were indeed appalling operations, performed in ignorance and fear of women's sexuality; but they had a historical specificity Masson ignores. While he announces that "nothing has the same force as a historical document," the skimpiness of his annotation, his emphasis on the gruesome, the book's titillating cover illustration (by Max Ernst) of a bare-breasted woman being spied on by a bearded man, and the exaggerated nature of Masson's conclusions (for example, that these essays created a "nightmare world" for "millions of women") suggest that he is much more interested in exploiting the shock value of his documents for polemical ends than in contributing to our historical understanding. As MacKinnon notes (but with quite a different intention) in her preface, "reading these texts is a lot like reading pornography."

A few of the essays are indeed shocking and repellent; and "pornography" is not too strong a term for the lengthy lip-smacking description by one Dr. Démétrius Alexandre Zambaco of Constantinople, an expert on leprosy, of the whippings and genital cauterizations he performed on two little girls in order to cure them of masturbation. The essay reads like a version of *The Exorcist*, in which witchlike little girls claim to be in league with the devil, masturbate with the priest's cassock, and have "forty to fifty" orgasms a day, eliciting the frenzied sadistic responses of the physician who tries to stop them. But Masson offers no persuasive evidence, beyond a single citation by Richard von Krafft-Ebing, that any of Zambaco's peers took this bizarre and fantasy-laden account as a model for their own practice. Other essays give graphic accounts of gynecological operations and descriptions of the pus-filled vaginal lesions of sexually abused children.

IN OTHER cases, however, there is a huge gap between what the essays actually say and Masson's interpretations of their portent. Motet's article on false testimony given by children before French courts of justice, for example, is not only thoughtful and sensitive, but also documents cases even Masson would surely agree are problematic. In one, for example, a frightened 13-year-old Jewish boy testified that he had witnessed a ritual murder of a Christian girl by the Jewish butcher and other men, including his father, in the synagogue. Motet carefully notes that he does not think that the testimony of children should be disregarded or ignored, but that "frequently one must be wary" of their evidence, because they are prone to intimidation and suggestion. Other essays discuss the manipulation of child witnesses by parents or other disturbed adults. As recent developments in the McMartin case show, Motet's cautions are sensible; our outrage over the crime should not blind us to the possibility of distorted testimony.

In his book on Freud, and even more in his meticulous edition of the Freud-Fliess letters, Masson demonstrated his gifts as a scholar as well as a polemicist. But here the scholar seems to have given way to the ideologue. I sympathize with many of Masson's positions and values; but his sensationalized choice of a few lurid examples and his vehement overstatements do not advance the feminist analysis of institutionalized misogyny. The excesses, abuses, and stupidity of 19th-century medicine do not justify a simplistic and reductive indictment of all psychiatry, and Masson's book sadly demonstrates that there is

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more than one way of assaulting the truth.

ELAINE SHOWALTER

Elaine Showalter is the author of *The Female Malady: Women, Madness, and English Culture, 1830 to 1980*, to be reissued in paperback by Penguin Books this spring.

TRB, *from page 4*

public accommodation and less like a private association. Yet the truly exclusive clubs are the ones that excite the most ire from women who want in, and this is where I get doubtful. What kind of constipated egalitarian vision is it that dreams of private clubs just as influential in society as these critics imagine them to be, and just as exclusive—with one exception?

The women's movement always has been torn about whether the proper goal is to remake society or to get an equal share in society as it now exists. It's not an easy question. But this campaign to open up private clubs seems like a particularly egregious example of a civil rights effort designed to redistribute inequality rather than reduce it. (Federal contract set-asides for millionaire black businessmen are another example.)

Surely the utterly gratuitous elitism of these absurd institutions that sift and sort people according to some pompous standards of clubbability ought to be easy enough to reject completely, not just to the extent it discriminates on the basis of sex. The campaign against these clubs ends up actually reinforcing their own preposterous idea of themselves as noble elites. In real life, a law of entropy usually assures that clubs ostensibly devoted to high artistic or intellectual attainment—just like neighborhoods of the same coloration—end up full of lawyers.

Why should country clubs get a property tax abatement for preserving green space accessible to only a privileged few, even if those few *do* include some women? Why should social club dues be deductible at all? There's no need for a vendetta. Beyond eliminating these special favors (and I don't count a liquor license as a special favor), I wouldn't join a campaign against a club that wouldn't have me as a member. Who cares?

As women advance in the world, many remaining sexual barriers among the elites are going to collapse of their own sheer anomalousness. I recently was taken for a drink at the Carlton Club in London, which is associated with the British Conservative Party and decorated like a religious shrine to the Goddess Thatcher (huge oil painting over the stairway, bust on the way to the men's room, and so on), yet not open to women. This sort of thing probably won't last. The question is whether the world will really be a better place when self-defined "top" women can sit around exclusive clubs eating rare breast of squab in raspberry vinegar, drinking Perrier, and swapping stories about the Yale field hockey team of 1983.

CORRESPONDENCE, *from page 6*

ments becoming permanent homes once the loan was paid off. Although some smaller cities have pulled it off, the plan is unrealistic on a New York scale. Banks are unlikely to front the great sums required, particularly when the approach remains legally dubious.

The most sensible approach is to allow cities like New York to take the money they now waste on welfare hotels and spend it instead on permanent homes for the homeless. Legislation I introduced with Senator Patrick Moynihan would do just that, by removing the limiting language. It also requires that cities phase out welfare hotels as new homes are built or rehabilitated, and mandates that cities demonstrate that their plans for permanent housing would save federal money. It's simple, cost-effective, and, as Coulson does show, urgently needed.

CHARLES E. SCHUMER
U.S. House of Representatives
Washington, D.C.

'SELFISH PURSUITS'

To the editors:

Controversy over pay for federal officials ("The Lost Amendment," February 2) existed before there were federal officials under the new Constitution. The records of the Constitutional Convention in Philadelphia tell us that there were high feelings especially against a salary for the proposed new federal "executive." It was feared that a president would bend the nation back toward monarchy. Benjamin Franklin resolved against paying an executive, which would lure men of "indefatiguable activity in their selfish pursuits. . . . There will always be a party for giving more to the rulers, that the rulers may be able to give more to them."

Finally the Framers arrived at careful language: "The President shall, at stated Times, receive for his Services, a Compensation, which shall neither be encreased nor diminished during the period for which he shall have been elected, and he shall not receive within that Period any other Emolument from the United States." Senators and representatives would be "paid out of the Treasury of the United States." States, it was felt, would never consent to pay their federal legislators. These, in 1787, were practical solutions. The Framers could not have foreseen what bureaucratic ambition, and 200 years of inflation, would do to our public payroll.

JAMES P. ROSCOW
East Hampton, New York

AUSTRALIAN ABORIGINES

To the editors:

Geoffrey Wheatcroft's otherwise perceptive review of Robert Hughes's *The Fatal Shore* ("Down, Down Under," February 9) makes an erroneous assertion that the "white Australians hated, harassed, and hunted" the 300,000 aboriginal inhabitants of pre-settlement New Holland and "entirely destroyed their culture and way of life." Harassment there undoubtedly was, yet the aborigines' culture and way of life remained substantially intact well into this century, preserved by colonial and post-colonial paternalism and a pretty effective form of apartheid. It was only following the extension, inspired by a reformist Labor government in the early 1970s, of white rights to the aboriginal population, in particular affordable alcohol, that our most ancient surviving civilization began to be extinguished. And Wheatcroft might remember that if blame is to be apportioned for the often deadly impact of the first white settlers on the indigenous tribes, it is his countrymen, not the colonial-born Australians, who must bear the principal guilt.

ROBERT DARROCH
Australian Consolidated Press
New York, New York

The editors welcome correspondence from readers. Letters should include the writer's full name, address, and telephone number; be typed double-spaced; and be held to under 200 words. Letters may be edited for space. Please address letters to: Correspondence, TNR, 1220 19th Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036.

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WASHINGTON DIARIST

Democracy and Snow Removal

I MOVED TO Washington to get away from winter. I graduated from Carleton College, in Northfield, Minnesota, which is about 40 miles across the frozen tundra from the Twin Cities. Traditionally, Northfield gets a blizzard the day before Thanksgiving, and the sturdy Scandinavians who live there don't see their lawns again until their tax returns are due. Some years there are months when the temperature never breaks ten degrees, and by the time February skids around some people wear shorts whenever the mercury strays into the 20s. Yet through all of these arctic travails, life pushes on. One year we had a foot of snow on May 1, and a professor drove all the way from Minneapolis through the storm to give us our midterm.

WASHINGTON IS ANOTHER story. When eight inches fell last Sunday night (and melted by Monday afternoon), this Southern city felt a twinge of panic. When 20 inches fell during January, the city stopped in its tracks. Washington was not so much ill-equipped as unwilling to deal with the storms. After the first one, major downtown streets went untouched for as long as two days. Schools were still closed four days later. The U.S. Office of Personnel Management ordered a "late arrival/liberal leave" policy for the entire week. Meanwhile, Mayor Marion Barry Jr. unwound in Southern California. Interviewed out West during the January storm, Barry said that he planned to take more time away from the stress of his job. This seems to be a recurring theme in the D.C. government. In late 1985 Dr. Charles Dickerson, my alma mater's former director of Third World affairs, quietly left the college after a flap over some consulting work that he had done for then-D.C. Commissioner of Public Health Andrew McBride. The *Washington Post* revealed that Dickerson had received $38,000 in fees, ostensibly for four months of full-time work in addition to his duties at Carleton, to study how best to reorganize the commission. Dickerson produced a four-page "Final Consultative Report," which recommended, among other things, that McBride "adopt a management approach which preserves a degree of free time . . . and sustains your morale," and that he "could slack up a great deal." Perhaps Dickerson's research inspired the *Fortune* cover story on "What Managers Can Learn From Manager Reagan."

ISN'T IT DANGEROUS to have the capital of the Free World in such a lackadaisical place? The city's reaction to the snow crisis got me thinking about snow removal and foreign policy. Conservatives have long warned that a democracy, constrained in its foreign policy options by the wishes of its citizens, might not be able to compete with authoritarian states in the world arena. But they have ignored the peril of the "snow-plow gap." What if our way of life perishes because we lack the will to remove our snow? Two days paralyzed Washington for a week. In Moscow, it snows regularly for seven months a year, and you never hear about the Kremlin putting the KGB on "late arrival/liberal leave." There are limits to *glasnost.*

DUE TO THE HOSTILE climate, Minnesotans tend to believe strongly in remaking their environment. When the world around them is not nice, they like to make it that way. Thus the snow is cleared overnight. Thus they built themselves an indoor stadium and named it after Hubert H. Humphrey, the very incarnation of positive action against the outside world's harshness. The air is very clean in Minnesota, so the "No Smoking" announcement gets a standing ovation at the ballgames in the Dome. Any slight increase in graffiti around the city brings rumors of street gangs moving in from Chicago. I grew up in Topeka, Kansas, where we were all bored stiff. But in Topeka we had chronic racial problems, a sluggish economy, a decaying industrial base, and lots of crime. In Minneapolis, suburbanites who live only a few miles from downtown will warn you about a street called Hennepin Avenue, the ostensible "red light district." When you decide to take your life into your hands and go downtown anyway, you find the "combat zone" teeming with suburban teenagers, hustling their way between the macrobiotic delicatessens and tube sock boutiques that fill the cutesy malls that the city has "renovated" block after block to build.

TWO SUMMERS AGO the *Minneapolis Star and Tribune* ran an "important" series on the city's growing crime problem; it was written in the manner of the crack exposés, complete with scary headlines, anonymous sources, and lots of supposedly arcane criminal terms set in quotes. For instance, the paper revealed that customers of the "working girls" are known on the street as "johns." (Apparently nobody in Minneapolis has ever seen a TV cop show.) But this was a crime wave about which only a Minnesotan could worry. The prostitution problem turned out to be not too many prostitutes, but too many johns (from out of town, of course), driving around looking for the prostitutes who weren't there. The police took to putting decoy prostitutes on the street in order to snare the roving bands of johns. In other words, the Twin Cities are so vice-free that the police have to provide the prostitutes.

MINNESOTANS ARE aggresively proud of this niceness. "Our winters keep the riff-raff out, and we like it that way," said the mother of a friend of mine. "Who in his right mind is going to wait outside and mug someone when the wind chill is 30 below?" That's why Minnesota humorist and *Time* cover boy Garrison Keillor has to leave; he isn't nice enough anymore. Just when he was becoming a national celebrity, the bard of Nordic small-town values suddenly dumped his long-time girlfriend/producer (the woman to whom he dedicated his best-selling *Lake Wobegon Days*), and married a former exchange student from Denmark whose acquaintance he remade at a high school reunion. Then he fired the beloved (and ever-so-folksy) Butch Thompson Trio, evidence to Minnesotans of Garrison's creeping hoity-toitiness. Finally, with "A Prairie Home Companion" about to expand to TV, Keillor announced that he will be canceling the show in June and moving to Denmark ("to write," as they say) with his exotic bride. Keillor says, "I find life over there somewhat as I remember Lake Wobegon." A Prairie Home, Copenhagen? Small-town Minnesota in the land of Hamlet, Kierkegaard, and Oliver North's shipping agent? If he says so.

J. L. P.

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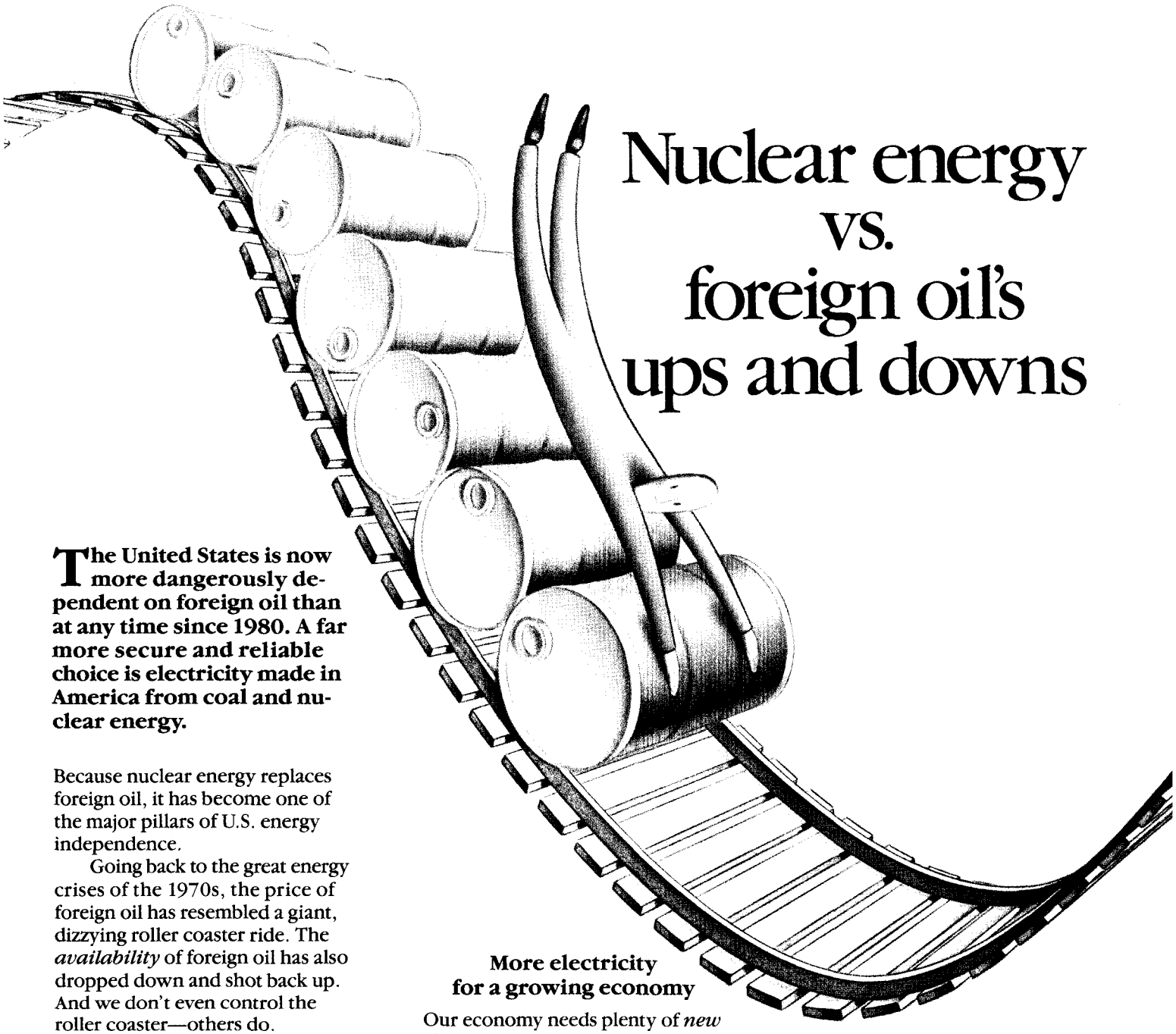

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